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NEW STATESMAN

John McVicar on under-arm freshness

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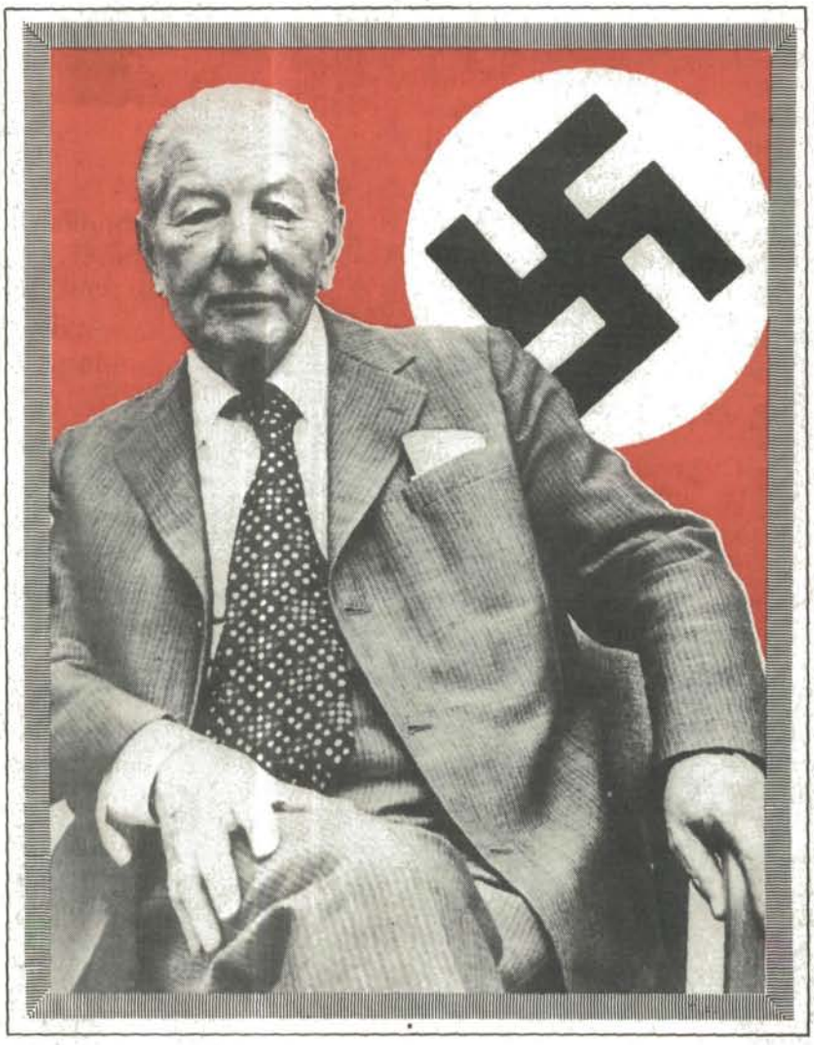
The boom in private medicine



The Collector

How Pieter Menten, mass killer and Nazi art-thief, escaped justice for 40 years

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The collector
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Rupert Murdoch: a question of morality

LAST WEEK we exposed the gross pretence under which the *Sunday Times* — in theory, often in practice, Britain's most potent paper — is being hawked-off as a 'bankrupt' concern, quite beyond the scope of the law on monopoly. Where Trade Secretary John Biffen alleged a 1980 trading loss of £700,000, we easily showed a profit of £334,000. But we were far too cautious.

On new information, we would uprate the *Sunday Times*'s 1980 trading profit to £1.4 million — and will be charmed to see Thomsons essay denial. Even 17 per cent interest on working capital as large as £8 million would have left the paper in surplus on an exceptionally difficult year. It would be misleading in principle to include depreciation, for only cash items are relevant to the assessment of a 'going concern' — apt for Monopolies Commission investigation. But it's worth noting that even if the *Sunday Times* were lumbered with the depreciation of all assets in the Times Newspapers subsidiary of Thomsons, the loss would only be some £1.25 million: not a particularly imposing sum of money, as a theoretical minus against a turnover of £50 million or more.

The issues are not really complex. Thomsons, having grossly mismanaged the daily *Times*, are keen to get shot of their promises about maintaining it. Embarrassment would result from appearing before the Monopolies Commission, for that was the body the promises were made to in order to get hold of the paper — an assumption of patriotic duty which was doubtless valuable in gaining a decisive chunk of North Sea profits for a company completely lacking in oil-industry credentials.

Yet the only way to shift *The Times* is to lash it to something looking attractive — such as the *Sunday Times* — and flog the package to someone in need of up-market circulation. Nominally, such a package would go straight to the Monopolies Commission. So, to get round the law, you have to cook the books on the *Sunday Times*. What else are accountants for, old boy?

THIS IS A STINKING SCANDAL by any standards except those of the present government — by the standards, indeed, of the ritually-abused Wilson Era. And it draws attention to a constitutional weakness of present British society.

Until a few days ago, the journalists of the *Sunday Times* were planning to test the issue in court. They had first-class legal and professional advice, and the names of David Steel and Michael Foot to add to their writ (the latter requiring some courage, for Mr Foot's print-union friends desired him to avoid all commitment). But at the offer of a few hollow concessions from Mr Rupert Murdoch, a majority of them voted to back down.

Costs were a chief reason — and there are indeed daunting burdens on any litigants who happen not to be large corporations. But the outside, worst-case risk the journalists faced was that bills of £80,000 might have to be paid off. And this is a group of more than 100 well-paid citizens, whose net worth cannot be much less than £2 million.

What is sadly illuminated here is the political impotence of the British middle orders — not their failure to promote this or that ideology, but their inability, together, to risk and to act. To be sure, a legal battle and a Monopolies Commission investigation might cause Times Newspapers to vanish altogether, leaving not a wrack behind. But events are not altered by people who require all danger to be eliminated in advance.

HAD THE *Sunday Times* people fought and won a lawsuit to prove their paper profitable, the very process would have assured its survival, and provided them with the organisational maturity to exert a real influence over its future. But that, no doubt, is water over the weir.

One further action of the journalists is worth noting: their lawyers wrote to the Attorney-General, suggesting that he might take up himself what appears to be a breach of the monopolies law. And indeed it is the Attorney-General's duty to go into court if he fears that the law is in danger and thinks that no-one else will act. Even this tiny magazine has felt the effects of his zeal, for he conceived recently the idea that we might have broken the contempt-of-court laws, and it cost us a deal of time and money to put him right.

Similar zeal seems unlikely to be in evidence this time, for the potential defendant — though no more than a patsy for the Thomson interests — is of course John Biffen, Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, and a member of the very same Cabinet which the Attorney-General serves.

This is a structural problem of greater importance than the flaky morale of the Fleet Street salariat. It is wholly implausible to think that the law will be defended under arrangements which require one member of a government to sue a fellow member. There is a name for the condition of society in which all lines of power and control terminate in the same room — smoke-filled or otherwise — and it is corporatism. While issuing wholly misleading ideological advertisements, the Thatcher Government leads us in practice steadily into the ever-grasping hands of the corporate state.

And in the true spirit of corporatism, the future of our supposedly free press is now being stitched up in wheeling-and-dealing between union bosses and newspaper barons — whose terms of dispute and negotiation do not include anywhere the public's right to buy competent, honest and plurally-owned newspapers. John Biffen's job is supposed to be the defence of that public right. Instead, he has chosen to sell his soul to vested interests. □

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Richard Kinsey reports on police powers

Scottish 'sus' lives on

THE GOVERNMENT is proposing to keep the 'Sus' laws in Scotland, even though they are being repealed in England and Wales. The Civic Government (Scotland) Bill, which purports to deal with matters of local government administration such as public conveniences and stray dogs, also introduces a series of 'preventative offences'. These would replace what are described as the 'useful and necessary' provisions of the Vagrancy Act 1824 and the Burgh Police (Scotland) Act 1892 which define sus offences in Scotland. Clause 83 of the new bill proposes, for example, that any person with two or more current convictions for theft

> who frequents a public place and while there does or is party to two seperate acts so that it may be reasonably inferred that he intends to commit a theft shall be guilty of an offence.

The draft bill was published in July, three months after the House of Commons Home Affairs Committee recommended the abolition of sus in England and Wales and, indeed, the introduction to the bill says that their report will have to be 'taken into account'. So it is only to be hoped that Scottish ministers will feel obliged to announce their immediate intention to drop the whole category of preventative offences from the bill, which is *promised for the next session of Parliament* at the latest.

The draft bill also includes a proposed consolidation of various statutory police powers of stop, search and detention for suspected possesion of stolen goods, which were due to lapse at the end of 1982. Their inclusion in this bill is perhaps surprising in that the proposals first surfaced at a time when the whole issue of police powers was being reviewed for the Criminal Justice Act, which went through Parliament last year. So treating these powers separately seems an unnecessary waste of time, as so much of the same ground will have to be covered again. However, it is worth remembering that ministers justified the powers to stop and search for offensive weapons in the Criminal Justice Bill on the grounds that this was an exceptional but necessary evil to deal with the particular problems of knifing and wounding in Glasgow. It might have been rather harder to claim this if the bill had also included these new powers, which do not even attract the minimal protections which were afforded to the citizen under the Criminal Justice Bill.

Clauses 95-9 of the Civic Government (Scotland) Bill seek a radical extension of local authority powers to control and prohibit demonstrations and marches throughout Scotland. They are based on occasional local byelaws which may in some, but certainly not in all Scottish cities, allow local authorities to require notification of and to ban processions. The new provisions would mark a considerable extension of the powers presently available under the Public Order Act 1936, under which there must be the possibility of 'serious public disorder' before interference with political liberty can be justified. By contrast, under the new bill a local authority would just have to give its 'reasons'. For example, in Inverness, under similar Burgh byelaws in operation there, a procession was cancelled not so long ago for the 'reasons' that it was 'contrary to the Highland way of life'.

It may seem strange that substantial criminal justice and public order measures should be included in a bill which is presented as a consolidation of administrative regulations governing 'Daily Life in Scotland' and ranging to 'controls over the seashore, markets laundries, public conveniences, public clocks, street names, house numbers and stray dogs.' But Clauses 119-132 propose a 'new concept' of 'management rules' which, among other things,

would give local authorities power to create and enforce — without a power of review by the Secretary of State and without the status of byelaws — criminal offences against public property and premises. Para 14 of the commentary on the proposals reads:

> It is hoped that this simpler form of control will be preferred in appropriate cases to the more formal control exercised through byelaws.

One wonders whatever happened to the 'old concept' of the rule of law? □

Mary Holland on Thatcher's Irish error

Why Paisley is worried

THIS FRIDAY night Dr Ian Paisley launches the first of his eleven rallies designed to bring home to the Protestants of Northern Ireland that 'a nefarious conspiracy' is under way to drive them into a united Ireland. These mass meetings are designed, as was Dr Paisley's show of strength last week, to awaken folk memories of Sir Edward Carson, who masterminded Ulster Protestant resistance to Irish Home Rule in 1912. His recent speeches have been full of echoes of Carson, as is the 'Ulster Declaration' which Dr Paisley this week asked Northern Irish Protestants to sign. He expects tens of thousands to do so.

The reaction of British politicians and the press has been in the main to dismiss Dr Paisley's nocturnal manoeuvres as a gimmick designed to help his Democratic Unionist Party at the expense of the Official Unionists in the coming local elections. This patronising response is mistaken and dangerous.

It is perfectly true that Dr Paisley has always had a predilection for theatrical displays which look faintly ridiculous from the British mainland. The reaction such showmanship arouses in Northern Ireland is very different, and here Dr Paisley has an almost unerring instinct for articulating the emotions of the community he represents. On this occasion an impressive number of Unionist politicians who have no particular taste for Dr Paisley have already rallied to his side and offered enthusiastic support.

William Craig, John Taylor and the Rev. Robert Bradford have done this because they know that there is suspicion across the whole spectrum of Unionist opinion about what Mrs Thatcher is up to with the Irish premier, Charles Haughey. Since their summit last December Dr Paisley has been in the lead in voicing Northern Protestant suspicions that a deal with Dublin is under way. These suspicions were inflamed by Mrs Thatcher's written parliamentary answer to Dr Paisley's colleague at Westminster, Peter Robinson, last week. This revealed that not only were the working parties in operation under the supervision of Sir Robert Armstrong, Secretary to the Cabinet, but that they were looking at citizenship rights and new institutional structures between the United Kingdom and Ireland.

NORTHERN Irish Protestants are already angry about Westminster's current policy. They are bitter about security failures, particularly in the border areas where they are dreadfully vulnerable to IRA attacks, and fearful of the threat of a new hunger strike by Republican prisoners at the Maze. But, most of all, they resent Mrs Thatcher's failure to give a full account of her meeting with Mr Haughey.

One possible explanation of this failure may be that she does not appreciate how widespread is the anger of the Protestant majority. Another is that she knows very well, but feels the time has come to teach the Protestant majority a lesson in political reality. If so, she is treading a dangerous path. The last time a British government decided to ignore Protestant anger, on the grounds of teaching them a lesson, was after the Sunningdale agreement of 1973. That led to the Ulster Workers' Strike, the fall of the powersharing executive and the present political cul de sac of direct rule. □

Michael Meacher on official information

Keep it secret

FRANK HOOLEY'S Freedom of Information Bill was firmly voted down by the Tories last week. But the main obstacle to FOI is the determination of the civil service, and not the government. One of the most remarkable features of government opposition (Tory *and* Labour) to FOI has been the consistency with which government Ministers of the day have rejected their manifesto commitments and toed the Home Office line.

On many key points, Labour government opposition to Clement Freud's 1979 Bill (lost during the General Election and broadly similar to Hooley's) was identical in character to the positive (using the term loosely) proposals made by Mrs Thatcher in the Protection of Official Information Bill.

It was as an essential element of the Freud Bill that proper classification be the test of whether information was to be protected by criminal sanctions. The Labour Home Office Minister rejected this, proposing instead an amendment that 'a document shall while it is classified under this section, be treated as so classified notwithstanding that it has never borne any indication of its classification'.'

By remarkable coincidence then, the POI Bill introduced by the incoming Tories contained exactly this system of 'retrospective deeming (that a document was classified) by Ministerial discretion'. A Minister could merely certify that 'unauthorised disclosure of the information or article *would have been likely* to cause serious injury'.

The Freud Bill also made clear that the question of whether a document had been properly classified at the time of an alleged offence could be considered by the courts. Freud made it explicit that the courts must be convinced and the Minister must not be sole judge of the case. The Labour Government opposed this in committee on the grounds that '(We) do not believe that a jury is equipped to be able to evaluate the injury to the interests of the national argument . . . it is inappropriate to leave that issue to the courts.'

This lack of trust in the political sagacity of the citizen appears to have survived a change of government. Under clause 9 of the Tory POI Bill Ministerial judgement is put beyond question: 'a Ministerial certificate that, at the time of the alleged offence, unauthorised disclosure of the information or article would have been likely to cause serious injury to the interests of the nation . . . *shall be conclusive evidence of that fact.*'

Labour amended the Freud Bill to separate security and intelligence from defence and to put them in a separate category so that they 'should not be subject to the test of serious injury'. Nobody in their right mind could suppose that the disclosure of *any information at all* would be a problem, but the Labour government spokesman insisted that 'apparently disconnected small items of information can be and have been pieced together so that, in totality, they reveal a picture which constitutes a threat to the nation'.

Remarkably, the Tory sponsors of the POI Bill took exactly the same view of the so-called 'jigsaw puzzle' offence, and provided for a separate category of information relating to security and intelligence. They proposed that public discussion of *any aspect* of security or intelligence, however trivial or already well known, would risk prosecution. ▶

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Freud reasonably avoided the absurdity of anybody being prosecuted for the disclosure of information that was already available to the public. But Labour objected and wanted this dropped from the Bill.

The record of governments' (i.e. civil service) opposition to FOI grows increasingly appalling. Whichever party takes office, the Home Office mandarins clearly remain in power. That needs to be changed. It is that power which Freedom of Information — and democratic accountability — reforms challenge. □

Duncan Campbell

Sneaky law for snoopers

A NEW BILL currently going through its Committee stages — the British Telecommunications Bill — contains a statutory provision to allow the new corporation to tap telephones. But it doesn't contain any requirement for warrants to be issued or checked, or for any oversight, whether by Lord Diplock or anyone else.

The Home Office and the Department of Trade, sponsoring the Bill, no doubt hoped that this sneak provision would escape the notice of Parliament. It is after all, to be found in Schedule 3, Section 1, on page 77; and this schedule contains merely a list of clauses from the old 1969 Post Office Act.

One of these clauses is Section 83 — the Section which allows mail opening and phone tapping, though it doesn't say so. It just places a requirement on the Post Office/BT to do 'what is necessary' to inform 'designated persons holding office under the Crown' about matters or things 'in the course of transmission' by phone, telex, mail, or however.

But the Home Office had to come clean during the Malone case two years ago, and claimed then that this was the statutory authorisation — so far as it went — for tapping.

Until last week, no-one had spotted the sneaking through of Section 83. The Union of Communications Workers and the Post Office Engineering Union had spotted that the Bill could deal with tapping, and have tabled several amendments, which were discused at the Select Committee meeting earlier this week. These amendments called the government's own tune in a cunning way — by offering them the chance of enacting into statute law precisely the safeguards and conditions that the government claimed were applied in the 1980 White Paper. If the government refuses the amendments, it may readily be surmised that the White Paper did not tell the whole truth, to say the least.

That point seems to have struck home with one of the Tory members of the Select Committee, John Gorst, who announced his intention to vote with the Opposition on the amendments unless the Government produced better assurances than the hitherto vague references to the White Paper.

The *New Statesman* pointed out that the real tapping power was in fact being sneaked through below the Committee's very noses. This matter has now been dealt with, and Ian Mikardo has tabled amendments to the tapping powers clause requiring that 'any action taken under this section shall be reported to a Parliamentary Select Committee of Privy Councillors specifically appointed for the purpose'. This will be debated during March. □

Rivka Fried

Romania says it with bombs

ON TUESDAY of last week parcels containing the works of Nikita Khruschev arrived at the homes of three Romanian dissidents living in the West. But the contents were deadlier than any of Khrushchev's writings — the centres of the books were hollowed and contained explosive devices. Paul Goma, a leading human rights campaigner living in Paris, spotted the danger and dived for the bathroom. Others were not so lucky; Nicolae Penescu, a former Interior Minister, was taken to a Paris hospital. In Cologne, a Romanian engineer was also wounded.

Paul Goma has been dubbed by some as the 'Solzhenitsyn of Romania'; his prolific and outspoken writings, except for one book, never made it past the censor, although they were published in the West. He was forced to seek exile in France in 1977, after enduring years of harassment. The day before he left, he was summoned by the Security Minister, General Pleshitsa. The General warned that if he 'opened his mouth in the West, the long arm of the revolution will reach you wherever you are.'

Goma was arrested some months earlier, after publicising a letter of support for the Czech Charter 77 movement. It was only after the contents were broadcast to Romania by Radio Free Europe that many of his countrymen learnt who Goma was. He subsequently launched an appeal to the Belgrade Conference for the implementation of basic human rights in Romania. The crackdown began: he was rounded up with about 180 signatories and interrogated for more than a month. Many of the signatories, along with Goma, were eventually granted exit visas and a new idiom — the 'Goma passport' — was born.

Goma believes the three bomb attacks are linked because all three men attended an alternative conference in Madrid — where the European Security Conference is still dragging on. They produced documents on 'state terrorism' in Romania and argued forcibly against a suggestion by Romania that the next Conference should be held in Bucharest.

Goma received more than thirty threatening letters — many had been posted in Spain, as had the parcel bombs. Many of the letters purported to have come from the right-wing Romanian group, the Iron Guard Legion. The movement was outlawed in Romania, and many members sought refuge in Franco's Spain but, says Goma, the letters contained two glaring errors. They were written in the new orthography introduced in the early 50s, well after the Legionnaires had left. The second discrepancy was the misuse of the Iron Guard battle cry: 'Long live the legion and the captain.' The threats to Goma ended with the cry *in the reverse order* — an error, one emigre told me, that no self-respecting former Legionnaire could be guilty of.

Goma is certain the threats — and the letter bombs — are the work of the Romanian secret police. However, some emigres are sceptical of Goma's theory, pointing out that publicised bomb attacks on dissidents abroad could well jeopardise Romania's chances to host the next Security Conference. Another theory being floated is that the incidents were a provocation by another Eastern European country to discredit Romania, possibly the Soviet KGB. □

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Battek faces 5-year stretch

Jan Kavan

LAST MONTH (16 January) the *New Statesman* described the sinister mystery surrounding the fate of Rudolf Battek, the spokesman for the Czech human rights movement Charter 77. Battek, who is also the leader of an opposition group of non-communist 'independent democratic socialists' and a member of the Committee to Defend the Unjustly Prosecuted (VONS), was reported to have begun a hunger strike in protest at not being allowed to see his own defence lawyer. He now faces the prospect of five years in jail and on 5 February Charter 77 leaders issued an appeal to the public both in Czechoslovakia and abroad to support their demand for Battek's immediate release. They describe the twists and turns of the case as 'one of the most blatant violations of human and civil rights in Czechoslovakia in recent years.'

Rudolf Battek was arrested last June for alleged assault on a policeman and causing a disturbance of the peace (*NS* 24/10/80). The two charges were 'only a flimsy pretext in order to detain Battek and exclude him from public life. This was indirectly admitted', Charter spokesmen point out, 'when the authorities after five months of detention substituted the charges which carried a three year sentence with one of "endangering health" for which, if convicted, Battek could be sentenced to a maximum of one year's imprisonment.'

Although the police were unable to produce any evidence to support even such a minor charge, by early December Battek's increasing isolation had become total. Letters sent to his wife and defence lawyer were stopped: he has been allowed no visits except a brief one from his wife this week. Reportedly she found him alert, but physically debilitated.

On 15 January Battek's wife Dagmar began her own hunger strike, having written on the 14th to the President of Czechoslovakia, Dr Gustav Husak:

> I want to know what is happening to my husband . . . The last letter I received from him was written in early November. He complained then about his deteriorating health . . . Today, 14 January, my husband's detention order (already extended three times since his files were officially closed in October) expires. If he is not going to be released and if his fate will not be decided according to law then I have decided to begin a hunger strike, not only in protest but predominantly because of my feeling of responsibility and out of fear for his life.

Not only was Battek not released but the authorities suddenly announced the 'new' charge would be superseded by yet another charge — this time the infamous article 98 on subversion of the Republic, which could send Battek to prison for five years. This charge is being justified by reference to an incident which happened as long ago as 3 October 1979, when Battek was accused of possessing a manuscript entitled 'On Freedom and Power' (a Czech contribution to a larger Czech-Polish joint collection of dissidents' essays). Battek then spent four days in prison and although he was released following strong protests by West European Social Democratic leaders, the accusation was never quashed. The new charge gives the prison authorities the excuse they have lacked since last October to continue Battek's interrogation and keep him virtually incommunicado..

In response to the new charge the Chartists have organised a widespread protest campaign. On 18 January Ladislav Lis, a member of Charter 77, went on hunger strike in place of Mrs Dagmar Battek and every three days since then a different human rights activist has joined the relay protest of hunger strikes. Each striker signs a petition addressed to President Husak demanding the immediate release of Rudolf Battek. The large number of volunteers, among them Charter spokespersons Dr Vendelin Komeda, Marie Hromadkova and Vaclav Maly and VONS founder member Jiri Nemec, indicates that this will be a long drawn-out campaign, though the brief visit allowed Mrs Battek may be a sign of some success.

CHARTISTS also fear for the life of another political prisoner — the young worker Petr Cibulka. Cibulka was sentenced less than two weeks ago by the district court in Pilsen to a further 10 months' imprisonment despite the fact that his health, weakened by several hunger strikes (including one lasting 32 days) and frequent solitary confinement in harsh conditions, is causing serious concern.

Cibulka was first sentenced in 1978 to two years' imprisonment for alleged distribution of tapes of nonconformist music and of Havel's Open Letter to the President. One month before the end of his sentence, in March 1980, he was sentenced to another year's imprisonment as punishment for his hunger strikes, to which he had resorted in protest at constant beatings. Now, two months before the end of his second prison term, he has been convicted for the third time — for an alleged insult to a prison warder.

VONS has appealed for help against this latest injustice as the danger of a fourth trial now looms over Cibulka, who has been accused of not fulfilling his work quota in prison. Cibulka cuts and polishes jewellery in Bory prison. He works in the third sector in appalling conditions, already condemned by Amnesty International, where the tough quotas in 1979 were met by only one in 50 teams of prisoners. □

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PLANNING

Selling London in secret

PATRICK WINTOUR on the largest redevelopment in Europe

NEXT WEEK Southwark Council will give the final go-ahead for the largest inner city redevelopment in Europe. The decision to award this property plum to Lysander Estates—a consortium led by architect Richard Seifert — has been made remarkably quickly and often in secret. Many members of the planning committees of the GLC and Southwark — the joint owners of the site — were excluded from a crucial meeting with prospective developers. Public consultation has been restricted to a few public displays of alternative schemes and only seven groups have bothered to express their views.

The Lysander scheme is highly speculative and has won in preference to other schemes which would have been of greater financial benefit to the council. It has been accepted in the absence of any independent financial analysis of the various bids and despite an independent consultants' report which said its shopping proposals would severely damage other shopping districts. The confidential council officials' report makes it clear that the decisive factor in their choice was Lysander's willingness to pay £6 million for a lease on the site immediately. Both the decision itself, and the way in which it was made, show how private financial interests still dominate over the public interest in planning matters and how local planning procedures still lack any accountability.

When, in November 1979, Southwark and the GLC announced a competition to develop the site, they were in a hurry. The docks — which cover 120 acres — had been closed down since 1970. (A developed Surrey Docks could bring in £4 million a year in rates.) For much of this time there were on-off hopes that they would be developed by Texas millionaire Trammell Crow as a trade mart. This was enthusiastically supported by Southwark Council — who bought the site with the GLC in 1976 — even though it offended the aim of the Strategic Plan for the area, which opposed projects based on 'prestige, fashion or foreign precedent.'

But by 1979 Trammell Crow had pulled out because the government would not provide the guarantees to City institutions who, it was hoped, would finance the project. Southwark and the GLC, meanwhile, had spent £20 million on the site. In addition, they were anxious to get development underway so that the site could not be taken from them by the newly established Docklands Urban Development Corporation. A second fear was that a left-wing Labour GLC would be elected in May 1981 and would try to scotch the plan.

Their brief offered prospective buyers *carte blanche:*

> we want developers to let their imaginations roam. We are ruling out nothing and considering everything.

This was directly opposed to the Docklands Strategic Plan, prepared after wide consultation in 1976. In this the emphasis was on redressing 'the housing, social, environmental,

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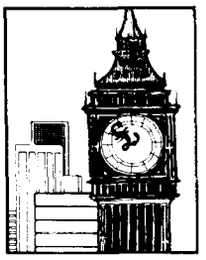

Peter Kellner, Political Editor

The minister who tried to be honest

A REMARKABLE thing happened this week. At lunchtime on Tuesday a cabinet minister — David Howell, the energy secretary — delivered a speech on economic policy without uttering a single Thatcherite inanity. Instead Howell was analytical and intellectually coherent. He made a major contribution to an important debate: what is the impact of North Sea oil on Britain's economy? In the process he implicitly demolished the Tory notion that Britain's recovery can be led by private industry.

The debate effectively started last summer when the Institute for Fiscal Studies published a study that seemed to show that our oil would have a grave effect on Britain's manufacturing industry. John Kay and Peter Forsyth argued that the possession of oil would cause manufacturing output to be nine per cent lower than it would be if Britain had no oil.

The notion that oil should harm, rather than help, Britain's manufacturing sector came as something of a shock. It was only two years earlier that a white paper, *The Challenge of North Sea Oil,* published by the Callaghan government had said that 'North Sea oil. . .can enable us to rebuild the industrial strength of the nation'. According to Kay/Forsyth the exact position would happen. There would be a shift away from manufacturing, towards public and private services. According to Kay/Forsyth,

> *There is no mechanism for deriving benefit from North Sea oil which does not, sooner or later, require this structural change.* (their emphasis)

Briefly, Kay/Forsyth argued that Britain's oil has pushed up the value of the pound. This has made imports cheaper and exports dearer — and, as any member of the CBI can tell you, that has shot British industry to pieces.

But raising the level of sterling has another effect. It makes those of us in work richer. Forget all the clap-trap about spending beyond our means: the *purchasing power* of each hour of work has risen faster than the *output* of each hour of work. It's Harold Wilson's 'pound in your pocket' gaffe in reverse.

If we did not have such savage deflation at the moment, what would be happening, on the Kay/Forsyth argument, is that the wealth generated by the North Sea would be spent roughly as much as before on domestic manufactured goods, and significantly more on construction, domestically produced services (private and public), and imports.

(It should be made clear at this point that this analysis does not, and never did, reflect what Kay/Forsyth thought would happen through time. It is a discussion of 'comparative statistics' — how things were in a given year (1976) when Britain produced no oil, compared with how things would have been *in the same year* had oil been flowing at full production rates. In the real world, changing through time, other factors would also influence the economy.)

On Tuesday Howell carefully responded to the Kay/Forsyth thesis. Since his host was the Institute for Fiscal Studies, he could scarcely employ the normal clichés of monetarism to defend his corner. He accepted the thrust of what Kay/Forsyth said:

> The direction of [their] approach seems to me logically sound. Unless the Government opted for a fixed exchange rate . . . something of the nature of the effect they describe will take place to a greater or lesser extent . . . Some switch away from traditional industries, continuing the trend already established, seems to me all but inevitable, indeed desirable, although it could involve serious social costs which must be imaginatively met.

Howell disagreed with some of the precise figuring Kay/Forsyth had done: the rise in sterling, he argued, was due less to oil than to government policies (scarcely something, you would have thought, to be proud about); and the magnitude of oil's impact on manufacturing output less than Kay/Forsyth estimated:

> perhaps in the order of 3½ per cent rather than the 9 per cent put forward by Forsyth and Kay . . . If the economy is growing rapidly enough, a 3½ per cent fall in relative size of manufacturing could easily be accommodated without any absolute fall in manufacturing output.

Hang on a moment. Didn't Thatcher tell Brian Walden on *Weekend World* the other day how the centrepiece of her plan to revive Britain was 'to get manufacturing industry going'? Yet here is Howell saying merely that manufacturing output can resist an 'absolute fall' — and then only if the economy 'is growing rapidly enough'. Where exactly is growth supposed to occur?

Broadly there are three potential sources of growth, and of job-creation, apart from manufacturing. One is private services, like restaurants, hairdressers and launderettes. The second is construction, and the third is public spending. Kay/Forsyth allow for increases in all three, but still conclude that:

> The overall effect of North Sea oil on domestic employment is almost certainly to reduce it.

With the present government, of course, the position is even worse. The construction industry is reeling, with fewer houses built in any peace-time year since the 1920s; and public spending is seen as the enemy rather than the engine of growth.

Remorselessly, the economic logic that Howell says he accepts, together with the monetarist strategy that his colleagues are implementing, are combining to make Britain's problems far worse than they need be.

For most of the past quarter-century, problems with the balance of payments have prevented governments from maintaining expansionist policies. Today that constraint has gone. Britain's only growth industry just now seems to be in the invention of new constraints to put in its place. □

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The collector

Last month, an amazing Dutch war-crimes trial ended when the aged art-collector Pieter Menten lost a final appeal against convictions for mass-murder done in Nazi service. Over three decades, the slow stripping of Menten's defences has revealed the complicity of large sections of the Dutch elite with Nazism — and the overlap of that phenomenon into the post-war politics of the European right. Opening a three-part series, REUBEN AINSZTEIN reports.

ON 22 MAY 1976 Holland's biggest paper, *De Telegraaf,* described a remarkable venture planned by the art-auctioneers Sotheby-Mak van Waay. Pieter Nicolaas Menten, one of the richest men in Holland, was selling his Amsterdam flat. So he had to dispose of 425 pictures and other *objets* for which there was no room in his country house, already crammed with other treasures.

Menten was quoted as saying that his fortune had first been acquired in pre-war Poland: he had been ruined by the Nazi occupation, but had restored his finances, and his art collection, after receiving large compensation from West Germany. Two days later Hans Knoop, editor of the weekly *Accent*, also owned by the *Telegraaf* group, received a contact which changed his life's direction.

Henriette Baas, Dutch correspondent for several Israeli papers, approached him on behalf of Haviv Canaan, a writer for the Tel Aviv daily *Ha'aretz*. Canaan was writing an article in *Ha'aretz* claiming that Menten had murdered most of his family in pre-war Poland, and that Menten's 'collection' was actually plundered from Jewish and Polish victims of Nazism. In 1950, Canaan had sent evidence of Menten's crimes to the Dutch authorities, but without result. Now he was going public. Could Knoop help to place his article in *De Telegraaf?*

The *Telegraaf* thought investigation would be too lengthy. (It was collaborationist under the Nazis, and had subsequently attacked the Resistance for its treatment of collaborators: indeed, it had cited Pieter Menten as a 'victim'.) But Knoop, a Jew born while his parents were in wartime hiding, persevered, and got his Tel-Aviv correspondent to meet Canaan.

CANAAN REVEALED that he had been born as Lieber Krumholz in Lvov, now the Western Ukraine, which used to be Eastern Galicia in pre-war Poland. His uncle, Isaac Pistiner, an industrialist owning large forests in the Carpathian foothills, had a country house at Podhorotse: a village inhabited by Ukrainian peasants and Jews, where the Poles were policemen, officials and foresters.

There Krumholz, aged 15, met his uncle's business associate Pieter Menten: to the young Jew, the Dutchman appeared as a personification of all that was civilised and liberal in the West. Hero-worship developed when Menten, on long hunting-trips in the wild Carpathian forest, gave sympathetic hearing to Krumholz' youthful aspirations — which, over parental opposition, centred around the longing to become a Palestinian pioneer. In 1935 he contrived to make the illegal journey, and on arrival his first act was to send a postcard thanking 'Uncle' Menten for his support.

In 1944 Jacob Lubel, a Romanian-Jewish businessman acquainted with Krumholz, reached Palestine amid a boatload of refugees: he burst into tears when the young man sought him out for news. 'Menten has murdered your parents,' he said, 'your brother and almost all your other relatives who lived in Lvov.'

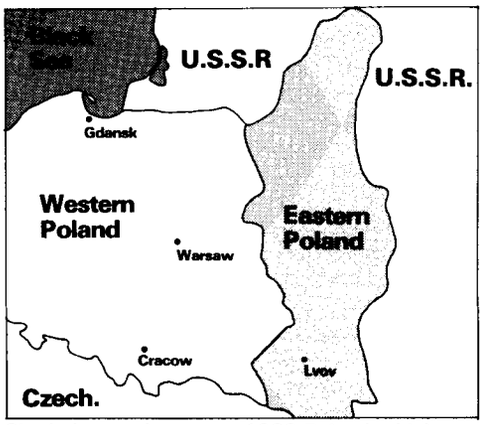
Lubel himself, he said, had been saved by his Romanian passport. But Menten had joined the SS, and led an extermination-squad into Podhorotse and several neighbouring villages. Menten had sought out Krumholz' family, in Lvov and Podhorotse, and killed them personally: revenge was his motive, for he had quarrelled with Isaac Pistiner, and lost a lawsuit in the Polish courts.

Hans Knoop decided that *Accent* must report the Canaan/Krumholz allegations, but that Menten would be given every chance to deal with them. An appointment was fixed for 29 May, and Knoop, bearing a telexed summary from *Ha'aretz* (NAZI CRIMINAL AUCTIONS ART STOLEN FROM JEWS) found himself in a house which was

> a showplace of riches, a museum. The walls were covered with paintings and Gobelin tapestries. . .Menten received me in his study. . .which looked out on a splendid garden and an immense sun-dappled lawn.

Menten, 'straight as an arrow, with silver-grey hair', listened impassively as Knoop recounted the gist of the *Ha'aretz* article, and revealed that its author was the nephew of Isaac Pistiner. Menten said he had never met Lieber Krumholz, nor had any business dealings with Pistiner beyond owning some shares in a tannery under his management. If doubt existed he would pay for Canaan to come to Holland and discuss the matter: so far from killing Jews, he, Menten, could prove he had saved many.

Shaken, Knoop left to telephone Canaan — who said he would visit Holland as a Crown witness at Menten's trial. But when Knoop reached home, he learnt from his wife that Menten had rung to invite the whole family for Sunday lunch and swimming. Reaching a decision, Knoop rang Menten and said that *Accent* would publish.



Shaded area shows pre-1939 Poland which was absorbed by the Soviet Union after the war.

Menten offered $10,000 for Knoop to change his mind. Over the next 48 hours he also promised $20,000 to Simon Wiesenthal's war-crime documentation centre — if *Accent* would hold off — and threatened to buy the paper in order to wreck Knoop's career. After publication, Mrs Menten phoned: Knoop, as a Jew, was crucifying Christ a second time.

But also a lawyer rang, who had acted for Pieter's brother Dirk in a Menten family lawsuit. Dirk (convicted *in absentia* by the Belgian courts for Nazi collaboration) was in the South of France, and ready to talk.

Dirk Menten told Knoop that he had many times met Pieter with Lieber Krumholz and Isaac Pistiner, who appeared to be a close friend. Twice he had visited Pieter in Poland during the war, and did not doubt Pieter's involvement with the Nazis — finally, he asked Knoop whether he had been offered money to keep quiet. When Knoop revealed the amount, Dirk administered a fatherly pat, and said that Pieter would never have paid.

The first practical effect of *Accent*'s article was protests which halted the auction. The second was to put the Dutch judicial system — which had quietly protected Menten since 1945 — onto the defensive, and set going, with reluctance, the process of prosecution.

MENTEN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY was given in the auction catalogue. He claimed descent from the founders of Van den Bergh's (which became Unilever), and that his father had been in Royal Dutch Petroleum, but broke away after the Shell takeover to build his own business empire. This included Menten & Stark, traders with Eastern Europe, which in 1921 sent young Pieter Nicolaas Menten to set up a branch in Danzig.

In 1922, on his father's death, he struck out alone: almost at once he became a millionaire, and the largest timber-trader operating between Holland and Eastern Europe. In 1923 he moved to Lvov and acquired 4,000 hectares of forest, adding shortly a sugar refinery, a match factory and an oil refinery: whereon he became able to indulge the love of paintings which his father had instilled in him.

Niko Polak of the *Haagse Post* discovered that Menten's grandfather was actually a pork-butcher's assistant, and his father a rag-and-bone man: the courts, while accepting this, showed no curiosity about how Menten had been able to pose for so long as a member of Holland's close-knit business aristocracy.

His true passage through several tortured European decades is now known in some detail: beginning in 1922, when he took a flat in Lvov with his wife. Two years later, a local paper discovered that he had left Danzig to escape a fraud charge — but by then, he was established; through purchase of large forest holdings from

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Keystone

Pieter Menten (centre) arriving at court in Rotterdam last year for his third trial.

Princess Maria Lubomirska. Poland's hyper-inflation was nearly as bad as Germany's, and provided rich opportunities for anyone with a few solid Dutch guilders.

Menten became prominent among the Polish landowners and Jewish timber-merchants around Lvov, and did many deals — some of a shady nature — with Isaac Pistiner, until there was indeed a bitter, litigious quarrel between the two men in 1935. In the meantime, he had become a naturalised Pole, and also the honorary Dutch consul for Cracow: in which capacity he met Princess Juliana of the Netherlands, arriving in 1937 for a Carpathian honeymoon with her German bridegroom Prince Bernhard.

WHEN HITLER INVADED in 1939 Menten, with his wife and mother, took refuge on his estate near the town of Stryi. The Nazi-Soviet Pact provided for East Galicia's absorption into the USSR: Hitler planned to pre-empt this by encouraging a Ukrainian nationalist massacre of its Jews and Poles, but was in turn pre-empted by the Red Army's arrival on 17 September.

The Russians began confiscating Polish estates and distributing them to Ukrainian peasants (deporting the owners, eventually, to labour camps). Menten, suspected of being a German spy, was thrown into Stryi jail: from which Samuel Schiff, a Podhorotse Jew, somehow extracted him; between September and December 1939 all three Mentens lived in a single room at Lvov.

Then the Dutch consul Jacob Jan Broen gave Menten a Dutch passport 'from considerations of humanity', and on 27 December Broen and the Mentens, with another Dutch couple, left for Cracow in German-occupied Poland, carrying travel documents which said their destination was the Netherlands. Weeping, Menten said he had 'lost everything' to Soviet plunder — but on arrival in Cracow, Broen saw that his relations with the Nazis were far more promising:

> He was really getting on thick with them and saluting in the Nazi way . . . he came to tell me he had decided to stay in Cracow and try to earn back at least part of the fortune he had so recently lost . . .

The city which attracted Menten had just become the locus of Germany's colonial rule over Western Poland, and a centre for the deliberate genocide which during the next six years was to make Poland into the death-factory of European Jewry — and cause the deaths of three million 'Aryan' Poles. It was under the command of Dr Hans Frank, a Hitler intimate since 1923, and of SS General Wilhelm Krueger, reporting directly to Himmler.

Cracow's Jewish population had been swollen to 80,000 by refugees from Nazi terror elsewhere. Addressing a Wehrmacht battalion on 19 December, Frank had said that not 'all lice and all Jews' could be exterminated within a year — but that with their help, he would achieve the task. On the following day, he used similar words to a gathering of police and SS personnel.

SS records found in Berlin show that as soon as Menten arrived in Cracow he reported to the SS Security Office and offered his services. This office controlled both the SD (Security Service, including the Gestapo) and the Sipo (Security Police). It was then commanded by SS Maj-Gen Bruno Streckenbach, and it seems likely that Menten was able to gain access to Streckenbach or one of his lieutenants because of previous service as a Nazi Intelligence-agent.

This would explain why a few days after arrival in Cracow he was seen in uniform with the rank of *Hauptscharfuehrer,* the SS equivalent of a sergeant-major in the Wehrmacht.

AS THE GERMANS conquered Poland, all Jewish property was seized — in operations enabling Menten to serve both Hitler and himself. He became administrator for Jewish antiques and art-collections under Streckenbach's successor, SS Brig-Gen Karl Eberhard Schöengarth.

Menten in 1940 (according to family testimony) knew nothing of art. But he knew how to pick brains: particularly, those of Joseph Stieglitz, a Jewish art-dealer who had owned galleries in Cracow and Lvov, and with whose aid he tracked down numerous treasures for the supposed benefit of the Third Reich.

Just before the Wehrmacht invaded the USSR on 22 June 1941, Menten enabled Stieglitz to escape to Hungary — from which he reached Palestine, returning many years later to help Menten stave off prosecution. But the invasion began Menten's deep commitment to something altogether darker than legalised art-robbery and treachery to his naturalisation: namely, to Hitler's 'Final Solution'. Hitler had decided to begin the physical extermination of European Jewry as soon as his armies crossed the Soviet border: each army group was accompanied by an *Einsatzgruppe* of *Einsatzkommando* killing-squads, and by end-1941 they could account to Hitler, Himmler and Heydrich (their organiser) for some half-million Jews and tens of thousands of others.

Menten's boss Schöengarth contributed a personal *Kommando*, to which Menten was attached, and two others. A report to Hitler, Himmler and Heydrich credited them with 17,887 victims in September 1941: a number doubled or trebled by the end of the year, with Menten having conducted at least four massacres personally.

Lvov was a chief killing-ground. It was taken on 29-30 June: its first entrants being the *Nachtigale* (Nightingale) battalion, commanded by Professor Dr Theodor Oberlaender and including Stepan Bandera and numerous members of his Organisation of Ukrainian Nationalists (OUN). Amorality linked Bandera and the Nazis, in spite of Hitler's express intention to clear *all* Slavs from the Ukraine: OUN's members accepted a 'decalogue' specifying (among other things) that none would 'hesitate to commit the greatest crimes'.

Oberlaender, a veteran of Hitler's abortive 1923 *putsch,* was assigned to exploit nationalism inside conquered territory, and the *Nachtigale* began at once a classic Ukrainian pogrom of Jews, Poles and political opponents*.

By 6 July, when the Nightingale marched on, some 7,000 of 160,000 Jewish men, women and children had been shot, beaten or tortured to death — but not, of course, without assistance. The Schöengarth *Kommando*, arriving on 2

*Oberlaender became Minister for Displaced Persons in Konrad Adenaueur's post-war German government. Adenaueur protected him for a remarkable length of time after his past was exposed in the West German press, but a revolt in the Chancellor's own party finally forced Oberlaender's resignation. Its price was an undertaking that he would not stand trial. Stepan Bandera was murdered by a KGB assassin in Munich in 1959.

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July, had begun by seizing and executing 25 'Aryan' Poles who had continued as Lvov University professors under the Soviet occupation.

ONE VICTIM was Professor Tadeusz Ostrowski, a famous surgeon and art-collector: the day after, Menten moved into Ostrowski's flat, continuing the dead man's art collections, and those of six other families, which had been deposited there to avoid Soviet confiscation. Simultaneously Menten took over the flat of another murdered man, Professor Jan Grek, an internal medicine expert, also an art collector. Among 20 relatives of the dead professors arrested and killed by the SD during the next few days was every member of the Grek and Ostrowski families.

On 6 July Menten arrived at Podhorotse with several SD men and Ukrainian militiamen (*Banderovtsy*), whom he ordered to impound all Jewish males and Ukrainian 'Reds' in the empty Pistiner villa. A large pit was then dug in the garden, while Menten went in search of his former estate manager, the Pole Nowicki (who had stayed under the Soviet occupation) and Albert Stepan, a forester whom Menten had dismissed after a dispute over wages.

Next day, the villagers were assembled and forced to watch as groups of prisoners were brought out and made to walk a plank laid over the pit in the Pistiner garden. First was Vladimir Pistolak, an 18-year-old Ukrainian who had led the local Komsomol: as he reached the middle Menten rapped a command to a four-man firing-squad of *Banderovtsy*.

Menten shot Nowicki himself with the words: 'Here is one for your "Hitler is a dirty little guttersnipe".' He then used his pistol on Mrs Nowicki — the only female victim of the day — but, although wounded, she remained upright. Menten kicked her, living, into the pit. Shooting Stepan, he said: 'I've come back to pay you now'.

After around 100 shootings, the *Banderovtsy* were dosed with vodka and told to fill the pit, though some victims remained alive. The same method was followed on 28 August, when Menten dealt with the Jewish women and children.

IN 1976 THERE REMAINED 30 Podhorotse villagers alive as witnesses, and three women in Poland — one Jew, even, survived the war. Just before the 7 July shootings, Menten shouted: 'Schiff and Altmann, off with you. Go home. Fast!' Altmann never reappeared, but Schiff reached Palestine after the war, and testified to the Tel-Aviv District Court on his knowledge of the massacre — speculating that he owed his life to his rescue of Menten from Stryi jail. His testimony was sent to Holland in 1950, and was ignored.

After settling with the Jews and 'Reds' of Podhorotse, Menten pursued the Pistiner family to their Lvov apartment: to find that Isaac was already dead. He had Isaac's two sons and son-in-law dragged to a nearby cemetery and shot (though Hirsh Pistiner lingered to tell a Jewish survivor, and years later this man encountered Hirsh's sister Mina, who had left Lvov with the fleeing Red Army).

A few weeks later, Menten re-visited the flat to seize Isaac Pistiner's wife, her younger daughter, and year-old grand-daughter. Both women were killed: Menten tossed the baby down from a first-floor window and fired his pistol at her. Miraculously, she was rescued after the killer's departure by a courageous neighbour: raised as an 'Aryan', she now lives in Canada. Menten's vendetta extended also to killing the two lawyers who had won Pistiner's case against him.

On 27 August 1941 Menten organised the slaughter of 180 Jews at Urych, near Podhorotse, employing the pit-and-plank technique. Of four Jews who watched in concealment from a nearby attic, Michael Pollak and Henryk Schleiffer survived to testify at Menten's trial when at last it took place.

Nor did this conclude Menten's contribution to the Final Solution, for he organised slaughters in the neighbouring villages of Kropivnik and Dogve. No Jewish, but several Ukrainian witnesses remain alive. Dimitriy Antoniak, for instance, recalls Menten at Dogve, occupying an armchair from a Jewish house, and smoking

Karsh of Ottawa

Juliana and Bernhard pictured during the war.

a cigar while 120 people 'walked the plank'. Antoniak, then 20, fainted on seeing a tall, thin SS-man named 'Horst' chuck into the air a baby, which he then fired at like a clay-pigeon.

ROBBERY ACCOMPANIED slaughter, but not without danger: Himmler's own favourite, SS-Col Karl Otto Korch, first commandant of Majdanek, was one of those executed for converting Jewish property to his own use. Schöengarth therefore was glad to employ Menten as his *homme d'affaires* in the business of looting the Jews.

Not that Jews alone were the targets. During the winter of 1941-2 Menten — jaunty in a Tyrolean hat — accompanied by SD men and two unidentified civilians, went from one Polish estate to another in the Cracow and Lvov provinces, confiscating paintings on threat of death to their owners. And, as Schöengarth's protege, he was making social and political contacts, among the durable European right, which were to serve him well.

In Cracow, he found two Dutch sisters of complex Anglo-German-Dutch connection: the Baronesses Magdalena Petronela and Marie Louise Steengracht van Moyland. Their brother Henry Adolf had lived in Britain since the twenties, becoming during the war deputy-head of intelligence to the London-based government of Juliana and Bernhard, and its liaison with British intelligence. Another brother, John, joined Bernhard's staff after service with the USAF.

Their grandfather, a courtier to Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, had married twice: the son of his second marriage was their uncle Baron Adolf Gustav Steengracht *von* Moyland, who served just before the war in Hitler's London embassy and made his social contacts useful to Ambassador Ribbentrop. In 1943 he became Secretary of State in the Berlin Foreign Office, and received at Nuremberg a seven-year sentence for complicity in the removal of Scandinavian Jews to the death-camps — being released in 1950 at Chancellor Adenaueur's insistence.

Petronela was secretary to the Dutch consul in Cracow till his departure in 1942, whereon Schöengarth's Security Office allowed her — though she had certainly worked for British intelligence — to go to Sweden. This was accomplished through the efforts of her uncle in Berlin, and of Dr Joseph Luns — then Dutch consul in Lisbon, later Dutch foreign minister, and now secretary-general of NATO. Mary Louise, who was married to a minor Polish noble whom she abandoned after the German invasion, stayed on in Cracow as Menten's mistress.

Menten, inevitably, was drawn into Nazism's internal power-struggle. Himmler saw Hans Frank, Governor-General of Poland, as a rival satrap who must be discredited, and Schöengarth, with Menten's specialised help, was set to providing evidence. Dr Karl Lasch, Frank's close friend and governor of Lvov, was accused of embezzling Jewish property, and agents sent into his villa found it stuffed with carpets, tapestries, art-works and coffee.

Lasch, installed in a Gestapo prison at Breslau, talked freely, admitting that he had regularly sent lorryloads of loot to his father in Kassel, and said that Frank was plotting to usurp Himmler's place as soon as the war was over. Offered the choice of trial or suicide, he chose trial, was found guilty, and shot.

Frank offered his resignation in March 1942: Hitler, after waiting four months, refused it. Unable to get at Himmler, Frank denounced Schöengarth and Menten as being guilty of Lasch's crimes, and an investigation began. Menten and a group of SS men were charged with 'plundering and robbing' Jewish property and taking it by lorry to Menten's Cracow house.

BUT HIMMLER was better than Frank at protecting his men. SS Judge Sachs recorded that the investigation

> had to be abandoned. Firstly, because Menten disappeared and the Security Police refused all information about his whereabouts. Second, the evidence could not be completed, for one day all the records and additional material were taken away by a high SS officer who had been sent . . . on the instructions of the Reichsfuehrer SS (Himmler). . .

All this was in July 1943, the month of the great armoured clash in the Kursk Salint, which finally cracked the Wehrmacht's power. To escape total collapse in the East, Germany had to mobilise all conceivable resources, and exploit the conquered territories even more violently.

Hundreds of thousands of partisans were now assaulting the railway system. Yet such was Schöengarth's influence that three railway carriages were found for Menten. Together with his wife, his mother, and his mistress the Baroness, Menten set out to convey his loot across Poland and Germany to Holland.

Already, as the structure of Nazi Europe crumbled, killers of much lesser stature saw their retribution approaching. But Menten, despite the overwhelming evidence against him, was to succeed in a rearguard defence against justice which only came finally to an end in the early months of this year.

To understand his achievement, the next stage of the story must describe how the arch-criminal, back in the West, succeeded in burying himself inside the Dutch establishment — deeply compromised, as Menten knew, by the nature of its dealings with Nazism. □

Next week: Friends in high places.

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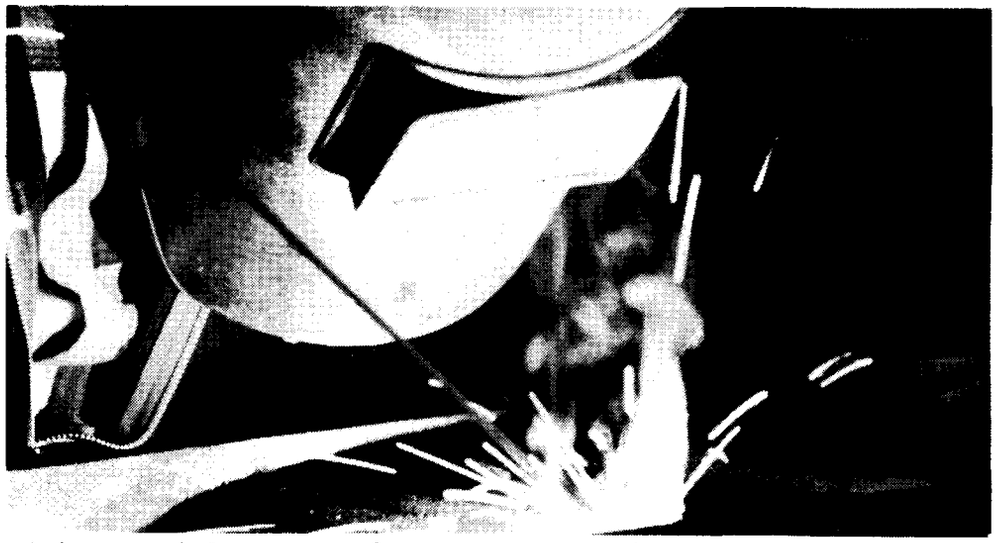
After four massive heart attacks Alwyn didn't want charity. He wanted work.



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Selling London

Continued from p.5

employment/economic and communications deficiencies in Dockland'. And, in fact, Southwark had already rejected suggestions from the local Trades Councils that the Surrey Docks should be developed along these lines by Southwark itself.

IN THE BEGINNING of 1980 Southwark had received 15 bids, which were narrowed down to a short-list of four by June. Detailed proposals had to be ready by 27 October and the decision was taken within ten weeks. Given the size — all candidates estimate the cost at over £150 million — and the complexity of the scheme this was a comparatively short time and it was an immediate advantage to a developer with almost unlimited financial resources and a straightforward scheme. This is exactly what Lysander has.

The company is owned by building giant Costain, Lazard Properties, Phoenix Assurance and a French construction company, Sefri. They plan to build roughly 540,000 square feet each of shops, offices and factories, as well as a hotel, a conference centre and a few private sector houses.

The Lysander scheme barely begins to confront the major disadvantage of Surrey Docks: its location. On the south bank of River Thames, well down stream from central London, the area is badly served by transport. Furthermore, the government last summer decided against two projects which would help solve this problem: the Southern Relief Road and an extension to the Jubilee tube line.

Other schemes made an attempt to deal with this. In particular, the plan put forward jointly by the Asda store group, Southwark Quays and the Earthlife Foundation — which was the closest rival to the Lysander scheme — planned to use optical fibre telecommunications on the whole site. The argument in favour of such a development goes as follows: microelectronic development means that in future employment will be in small, high technology offices. In such a poorly served site a development needs to try and create the whole environment. The close proximity of the City — just over the river, and easy to reach electronically — argued strongly for such an approach.

This has been tried successfully elsewhere in the world and the GLC had just spent £200,000 on a report looking at such a way of bringing new technology growth industries to London. The government Electronics Economic Development Committee backed the Asda scheme. In all, it would have brought 15,000 jobs to the area, compared with the 6,000 Lysander expects. There was also an emphasis on educational and training aspects of advanced technology as well as alternative energy research and marketing.

By contrast, it was easy enough to see further disadvantages to Lysander's scheme. Its proposal of 538,000 square feet of shopping was well above the maximum stipulated by the council's own officers. The Docklands Strategic Plan envisaged only 150,000 square feet of shopping and a report commissioned by Southwark from Donaldsons, the estate agents, said the other shopping areas in the region would be devastated by Lysander. Indeed, Lysander admits the plans will have a serious effect on the region and disrupt traffic.

HOW THEN DID Lysander win? Soon after the competition finally closed at the end of last October planning officers in the council, in informal conversation, were expressing considerable enthusiasm for the Lysander scheme and in Richard Seifert's excellent contacts.

Southwark's planning and development committee were to make their choice on 10 January this year. But before then, on 8 December, four Southwark councillors and some members of the GLC met the four short-listed developers in private at the GLC. Each developer had about 20 minutes to present their case. In one case at least this was the first opportunity the developer had to talk to councillors or officers since a brief meeting at the beginning of 1979. It was also the last.

After this meeting the officers refused to amend the report they had already prepared for Southwark's planning committee, on the grounds that what had been said was addressed to councillors and not officers. But at least one developer felt their financial strength and building experience had been underestimated in this report.

When some Southwark councillors heard of this meeting they were furious, as it was another example of major planning decisions not receiving full consideration by the council as the Labour Group had requested. One councillor, Alun Davies, circulated council members:

> We are dealing with the decision as to the future of an important section of the borough, including very large sums of money and it is therefore important that all members have full and equal access to all the relevant information before making a decision. It seems to be to be demonstrably not the case where a self-selecting group of members have the opportunity to clarify points directly which is denied the rest of the committee.

The officers' report dwelt heavily on the financial aspects of the scheme. Asda, who had been advised by the officers to team up with two other earlier entrants (Southwark Quays and Earthlife), were not making a cash offer for a lease on the site. Instead they offered a formula under which the council received a large share in any development profit as work on the site progressed. However, they did say that, given six months, they could get a firm offer of between £9 and £12 million ready.

But this uncertainty and the 'competitive aspect in the market procedure' made the officers favour Lysander, who were willing to pay £6 million for the lease immediately and an annual rent of £1 million. They favoured Lysander's money today even though one of the other schemes — produced by the Dutch construction company MAB — would be a better long term proposition for the council: 'Later when the site becomes more profitable Lysander will reap the benefits of the larger receipts.'

Any calculations of how much Lysander will reap are, at this stage, extremely tentative. With a total construction cost of £180 million to be recouped, any sums are highly sensitive to rental and yield assumptions. If the site became a popular office centre and reflected some of central London's rents, there could be a capital profit of £100 million.

But, at the moment, it must be said frankly that this looks unlikely. Lysander plans to go ahead as soon as possible though a decision by Michael Heseltine to 'call in' the application would prevent that. If they do go ahead, they are in an extremely strong position to change, modify or delay their plans if they are unsure of the profitability. □

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John McVicar's sporting life

How Greg Chappell failed the virility test

THE FLIGHT from London to Sydney is roughly 10,500 miles and takes 25 hours. As you finish the journey only 12 hours ahead in time and in a hotter climate which is in its summer season, you're a prime target for jet lag. In the past I've found that intense exercise seems to make it easier to adjust to time zone changes. Lining up at passport control with my fellow traveller Adam Faith, I was talking about the acid test Australia was going to provide for my theory.

Funny things can happen in such queues (beside being whisked away to have places searched where most of us don't even know we can hide things). Behind us a dark-haired, attractive woman — about 38 years old — chimed in to confirm my theory: 'There is probably something in what you say. Intense physical exercise stimulates the production of high levels of encephalin which is one of the body's defences against pain. You've probably heard about it in relation to heroin addiction. It also seems to be behind the way acupuncture works, because the pressure points trigger its secretion . . .' This was a bit too much to swallow before we found out that she is a professor of endocrinology at Barts and was in Australia to deliver a couple of lectures on the latest research.

After ascertaining this we let her continue: 'Encephalin also seems connected with precisely the sort of bodily rhythms which flying across the world disrupts. So there may well be something in your theory.'

Adam put these profound discoveries into the sort of perspective that seemed to trigger Professor Leslie Rees's laughing equipment: 'John, I think I'd rather suffer the jet lag than go out for the ten mile run that you're going to do this evening.' Never one to miss an opening, he cashed in on her amusement. 'And while you're running perhaps Leslie would like to join me for dinner.'

WE LUGGED our suitcases into a cab and plunged into another sporting discussion. As a consolation for missing out on Leslie, Adam promised to set up an interview for me with a friend of his, Paul Dainty. Dainty is a 35-year-old Australian showbiz impresario — the sort of character who'll possibly be buying the *New Statesman* in about ten years' time. At the moment he's in the throes of putting on a 'super-challenge' tennis match between Borg and McEnroe. Adam explained Dainty's motivation: 'He's not doing it for the money — he's got enough of that — but because he loves tennis and it's the only way he'll ever get to play Borg and McEnroe himself. He just wants to have a few practice games with 'em.'

The burly cabbie couldn't contain his awe at someone being friendly with Paul Dainty, even if it was a visiting pom. Australians have evolved the working-class way of life to hitherto unscaled heights and they play, spectate and bet on more sports and in greater numbers than any other nation. After Adam had told him something about Dainty and the forthcoming Borg-McEnroe promotion, the cabbie led the conversation into Greg Chappell's 'mulley-grubber'.

The day before, in Melbourne, Greg Chappell had ordered his brother Trevor to bowl the final ball of the third Benson and Hedges World Cup series underarm. New Zealand needed six runs to draw, so the impossibility of hitting a six off a low ball ensured that Australia went into a 2-1 lead in the 5-match series. Perhaps the presence of two sporting gentlemen from England who had connections with Dainty forced the cabbie to disassociate himself and all fair dinkum Australians from

Fun squad at Sydney cricket ground: arrow marks the NS correspondent.

Chappell's shabby tactic. He emphasised the shamefulness of it and said that the umpires should have awarded the match to New Zealand.

We demurred, pointing out that Chappell had acted within the rules of the game. Although we took this line, I suppose we were also implying that such a move was only to be expected from Australian cricketers. Justifying us were memories of such things as Dennis Lillee's 'sledging' of various English captains whom Lillee seems convinced are devotees of that schoolboy habit which causes blindness, and the spectacle of ten of the Australian team leaping into the air at the most innocuous of clipped pads, arms outstretched, screaming 'Howzat' while the bowler points an accusing finger at the umpire.

AT LEAST the taciturn Greg Chappell has never been in the fore of the appeal-at-anything pack, nor has he ever had the sort of tantrum that Lillee had at Perth last year when an umpire's decision had him throwing his aluminum bat all over the pitch. Generally, though, recent Australian sides have greatly extended the boundaries of gamesmanship.

The underarm incident, however, cut Australia's sporting conscience to the quick. When New Zealand Prime Minister Muldoon called the team cowardly, pointing out the appositeness of their yellow strip, the Aussies didn't even object. Indeed, Australia's sporting press in the main called for Chappell's head and there was much in the vein of Prime Minister Fraser's stuff about the 'good and decent tradition of cricket'. Nobody admitted what the Aussies were really ashamed of — the unmanliness of Chappell's move. If the same result could have been effected by Lillee rocketing down a bouncer, everyone would have preened.

The upshot of the furore was that the Australian Cricket Board reprimanded Chappell, who in turn apologised, and the scene was set for the fourth match in Sydney. Many Australians that I met expressed a wish that New Zealand would win it, partly because of the Melbourne mulley-grubber and partly because the TV cameras had shown that the umpires were wrong in not giving Chappell caught out at 58 in his decisive innings of 90. However, when I pressed them, many admitted that they also wanted the series to go to the fifth match. The series had been incredibly popular, some 5 million out of a population of 12 million watching at peak viewing time and the live gates breaking records, so it wasn't surprising that many wanted the cliffhanging final match.

IN THE EVENT Chappell played another innings of 90 and led his side to a comfortable victory, thereby winning his players $37,000 of $52,000 prize money. He also picked up the $2,500 man-of-the-series prize. I watched the match and, indeed, played in the celebrity fun cricket which the promoters put on when the sides changed at 50 overs.

Played on the outfield by an assortment of actresses, Rugby League internationals and TV personalities, fun cricket involves hitting a football with an unwieldy padded bat and is the sort of thing that would give the Lords colonels coronaries. During my match a portable loo was brought on for the cover-girl of this month's Aussie *Playboy* to go inside, to the delight of the crowd. This is cricket World Cup style but it's cricket that the crowd love.

After the fun match I went up into the stands to watch the Australian innings and all doubts that I may have entertained about floodlights, white balls, green and yellow strips and showbiz razzmatazz disappeared. World Cup cricket is a stunning and exhilarating spectacle. It may be a Kerry Packer product cast in gimmickry and designed to make money. Nevertheless it works.

This is the way the game is going to go because that is where the money lies. The traditionalists may decry it but professional players want businesses to retire to, not annotations in the record book. Doubtless the first tycoon to put on floodlit cricket in England with all the Packer gimmickry will not only make a million but also be an Australian. □

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Don't take us for granted

GODFREY HODGSON on European attitudes to Reagan

'NO MORE Mister Nice Guy!' That is the Reagan motto in foreign policy. But the question that is being asked in Europe is: 'Does he talk a better game than he plays?'

That — in street talk — sums up the gap that is already opening up between the way the world looks to Washington, and the way it looks to Washington's allies in Europe. The gap is frighteningly wide. And it is going to get wider, because foreign policy experts on each side of the Atlantic don't yet fully grasp how far apart they are.

There are nuances, of course. There *are* people in Europe who are delighted at what Reagan and Alexander Haig are saying and trying to do. Margaret Thatcher is one (though not necessarily Peter Carrington). Haig's former colleagues at NATO like what he is saying, and so do Jacques Chirac in France and Franz-Josef Strauss in Germany. But Strauss lost his election, and Chirac will probably lose his.

What matters is that on current odds relations between the Reagan administration and its two most important allies in Europe, Helmut Schmidt's government in Bonn and Giscard's government in France, will be even worse than Jimmy Carter's. Indeed, relations between Reagan and Europe may soon be worse than at any time since the hardest frosts of the Cold War. Neither side can quite believe that the other can really hold the views it does hold.

That is the rather chilling conclusion I brought back from a meeting of foreign policy experts and journalists in Paris last week. It was held by the Atlantic Institute, no nest of neutralists or Finlandizers. The main speakers were respected mainline analysts: David Watt from Chatham House; Thierry de Montbrial, his opposite number from Paris; the chairman of the German Social Democratic party foreign affairs committee, Peter Corterier; and a former Kissinger henchman now sharing the Lone Ranger's exile at Georgetown, Bill Hyland.

The Europeans and the Americans disagreed on almost everything. But above all the Americans were talking about American strength: the Europeans about American weakness.

THE MOOD in Washington, as Hyland reported it, is heady stuff. (To be fair, Hyland is no spokesman for the Reagan administration, but nothing he said is contradicted by other contacts I have had, or by Reagan and Haig's public mouthfighting.) The rebirth of the national will. The rebuilding of national strength. The reassertion of US global leadership. These are the things the new administration is talking about. That means no more Mister Nice Guy with the Russians, or with radicalism in the Third World, which is now officially known as 'terrorism'; or with Europeans who don't go along with American ideas on 'burden-sharing'.

As a result of the election, Hyland said, there is a new perception in Washington that, as between guns and butter, guns should have the priority. And there is a growing concern that if America rearms alone, and Europe does not do likewise, then there will be a backlash in American public opinion against Europe.

Reagan is working to create a consensus for the rebuilding of American strength, and especially American military strength. The American assessment is that the balance of military power has shifted dangerously towards the Soviet Union at all levels: strategic nuclear weapons, tactical nuclear weapons, conventional forces. Reagan means to change that.

What does this new mood imply specifically? It means sharply increased military spending: on a new land-based intercontinental nuclear missile system; on a new manned bomber, probably on new carrier task forces for the Middle East. It means a Rapid Deployment Force to show the flag in the Persian Gulf, and American land bases wherever the administration can find them there, probably in Oman.

In diplomatic terms, it means 'reappraisal' — in practice cold storage at best — for SALT and other arms limitation talks. It means a hard line on radicalism everywhere in the world. The Carter administration, Hyland said, gave priority to North-South issues. Reagan will give priority to the East-West conflict.

The Carter administration approached the Third World like a doctor. The Reagan administration comes on more like a cop. It believes half the world's troubles are caused by the failure of the US to take a strong line, and that the other half is engineered by the Soviet Union. Specifically it attributes the whole sequence of events in the Gulf — the Iranian revolution, the fall of the Shah, the taking of the hostages and the Iraq-Iran war — almost entirely to Soviet meddling.

The new administration will come on strong in the Gulf. It may come on even stronger in the Caribbean and Central America. It has already moved to send US military advisers to El Salvador, and to restrict contacts with the Sandinistas in Nicaragua. It could find itself fighting a small Vietnam war in Central America.

UNACCOUNTABLY, Hyland felt that all this assertion of American 'leadership' would be 'good news for Western Europe'. The Europeans did not seem to agree. 'I think we are in for a very bumpy ride,' said David Watt. In the past, he said, the United States always expressed a wish for European cooperation. What had changed, and what the Reaganites did not seem to understand, was that now 'the assertion of American leadership is bound to be tempered by actual need.' Whether you looked at American hopes of restoring control in the Gulf, he said, or at the central front of NATO, or at the need to improve American exports and the dollar, the United States is going to need help from the Europeans. If the Americans don't recognize that, they will find that their policy doesn't work.

The Frenchman, de Montbrial, was even sharper. 'We do not fear a United States that is too strong,' he said. 'What we do fear is an America that speaks stronger than its means.' Both the internal balance of power within the West, and the external balance between the West and the East have changed, and the Americans had better understand that and learn to behave 'as a power like the others.'

The German social democrat took a gentler tone, but he, too, criticized virtually every plank of the Reagan foreign policy platform. 'Firmness' was all very well, he said, but arms control negotiations ought to be an important part of any security policy. The Germans could not be counted on to increase their share of the defence budget burden, nor could they be counted on to help out in the Gulf. There was too much reliance on military power in what Washington was saying, and too much talk of going it alone. He particularly attacked the Reagan-Haig policies in the Third World: for one thing they were too prone to see everything in the context of East-West relations, and for another they showed too much preference for military as opposed to economic solutions.

Can the United States afford the economic cost of the Reagan policies? What neither the speakers at this conference, nor the administration itself has explained is how it is going to afford tens of billions in increased defence expenditure, and perhaps also the politically alarming decision to reintroduce some form of conscription (even though Reagan denounced this in the election campaign) at the same time as it plans to cut taxes and balance the Federal budget. It is easy to say that the commitment to balance the budget will give way; but with the economy burdened with high interest rates and recession, and the budget overladen with interest payments, that may make the price of Reagan's policies too high. □

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CAPITALISM

Parasites on the NHS

NICK DAVIDSON and CHRISTOPHER HIRD on a new boom

OVER ONE HUNDRED doctors in West Yorkshire are involved in plans to build a private hospital near Bradford. Most of the money is being put up by leading City institutions who for years have found it difficult to back genuine venture capital projects.

Britain is on the threshold of the biggest boom in private medicine since the war: over the next few years 30 new hospitals will open; at least £100 million has been earmarked for new developments. Most of this money will be American, although BUPA will invest almost £30 million and increasingly British companies not involved in private medicine are looking at the prospect for diversification into this very profitable market, in which the risks and loss-makers are taken by the NHS.

Private health expansion will increase the number of private surgical beds to almost 10,000. This does not sound many compared with the 480,000 NHS beds but the new beds are concentrated in just one medical sector and many private hospitals achieve a higher throughput than the NHS. In addition the private sector has made a speciality of day surgery and about a third of its work is done on this basis.

The investment is spurred on by two considerations: Lee Donaldson Associates, who monitor the industry for the DHSS, forecast growth of between 12 and 15 per cent per annum for the foreseeable future and in America major private health care companies make between a fifth and a third on their shareholders' investment.

Indeed, at the moment much of the money and experience in Britain is American. At least six US hospital chains have offices in London and another seven are known to have investigated the UK market. Five have established operations here and, as one NHS-trained administrator now working for an American company put it:

> Their administration is light years ahead of ours. They are able to look at hospitals as profitable ventures and make them run like businesses. It is going to be extremely hard for anybody to take them on.

WHO ARE these companies?

● Biggest and best known is **American Medical International,** a publicly quoted company based in Los Angeles, two of whose business community — Wally Wiseman and Roy Deiner — have a substantial shareholding in the company. AMI, which runs hospitals in four continents, has been in Britain ten years and owns four hospitals in the South East. It courts publicity — last year, as a stunt it performed 34 free heart operations on patients in Liverpool where there is a long NHS waiting list. In conjunction with British Airways it organises package holiday and hospital tours for overseas customers.

AMI plans to spend £25 million on new hospitals in, among other places, Manchester, Birmingham, Canterbury. A subsidiary — Hyatt Medical Enterprises — is building a hospital outside Oxford and looking for a suitable site near Southampton.

● AMI's biggest rival is **Humana,** America's fastest-growing hospital chain based in Kentucky, which owns the Wellington Hospital in central London. A £20 million extension is currently being built to this £900 to £1600 a week hospital which is already attracting skilled staff from the NHS. In particular, at the inquiry which examined Humana's recent application, one hospital administrator detailed the restriction on the amount of NHS open heart surgery during 1978 because of staff shortages.

Humanan is known in the US for its spectacular growth and hard-nosed management style. Formed in the early sixties by two lawyers — David Jones and Wendell Cherry — it moved quickly from nursing homes to hospitals, buying at the rate of one hospital a month in the late sixties. This growth — which has made the founders multi-millionaires — has been sustained by a style and approach which has raised eyebrows even in the free-wheeling States. It attracts patients by offering substantial subsidies to help family doctors in the hope that they will refer patients to Humana hospitals. When it bought the loss-making Wellington in 1976 it cut the staff by a quarter, increased fees by 50 per cent and has never looked back.

● **Hospital Affiliates International,** owned by Insurance Company of North America, one of the US's biggest financial institutions, claims to be the biggest hospital management company in the world. At a cost of £17 million it is building the 120-bed Cromwell hospital in West London, which is due to open next month. It aims to open another wing, doubling capacity, next year and has plans for Cardiff, Birmingham and Manchester.

● **Charter Medical,** a Georgia-based public company with 34 hospitals in the States and Puerto Rico specialises in residential clinics treating psychiatric and alcohol problems. It opened its first British clinic in Chelsea in July last year and plans another within the next few months. The clinics are aimed primarily at business executives with drink and/or personality problems.

● **Community Psychiatric Centres** bought a 140-bed hospital in the suburbs of south west London last August and has another hospital in Kingston. The company is owned by a group of American pension funds and unit trust companies.

● **Hospital Corporation International,** which owns the largest chain of private hospitals in the world, has recently opened an office in London. Few people in the industry believe its claim that this office is just to administer the group's Middle East hospitals and indeed HCI has already looked at a potential site in Peterborough.

BY CONTRAST a relatively small amount of British money has so far gone into private health but the most significant venture so far has been the flotation of West Yorkshire Independent Hospital Ltd, last October.

At the time the promoters of this were described as a consortium of Bradford doctors who planned to spend £3.3 million building a 45-bed hospital near Cottingley. The backers were named as Industrial Commercial Finance Corporation — owned by the major clearing banks and the Bank of England — Barclays Bank and a 'group of institutional investors.'

In fact the consortium of doctors — who own the founders shares in the venture — numbers over 130. Many of them live in the Bradford postal district and it is not possible to judge how many of the others work in the Bradford area. As some measure of how deep the enthusiasm for private medicine goes in the Yorkshire medical fraternity it's worth noting that just under 600 doctors — GPs, consultants, registrars, housemen and so on — are employed in the Bradford Area Health Authority.

The group of institutions — who put up just over £1 million for convertible preference shares — are three insurance companies; Legal and General, Friends Provident and Sun Life of Canada; three investment trusts controlled by merchant bankers Robert Fleming and three investment trusts controlled by the Foreign and Colonial investment group. Two of the backers are impenetrably hidden behind nominee companies: one of these belongs to merchant bankers Keyser Ullman — and on previous form the investment could have been made by KU themselves; though the bank refuses to comment.

The West Yorkshire venture was a most unusual event in the City: a group of people with little direct commercial experience, with a good idea, raising money for a business which had not yet started. It is doubtful whether anyone with a good industrial idea has ever managed to raise money in this way for several decades in the City of London. But the prospects

Doctor's Wife. "So glad to see you out again. The doctor and I had no idea you'd been so ill till we came to make up the books."

PUNCH 1917

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decades in the City of London. But the prospects for profits in private health are apparently so good that traditional institutional conservatism is cast to the wind.

And not just institutions: the consortium also raised £368,000 by issuing ordinary shares. Predominantly these were bought by small local private investors, often just buying £50 or £100 worth. But a quarter of the shares ended up with just five investors: three local companies (Elco Freight, Empire Stores and Watmough's Holdings), one local pension fund (Parkland Textiles) and, by far the largest, British and Commonwealth Shipping — who used to own the Wellington.

Others outside the health and insurance industries are also showing interest in private medicine. M.J.H. Nightingale — the London investment house which launched the West Yorkshire venture — expect to raise £1 million for another hospital, in London, within the next few months. British Caledonian is looking at the feasibility of building a hospital near Gatwick Airport, Cunard have discussed leasing some of their hotels for hospital use and Grand Metropolitan have tendered for hospital management contracts in the Gulf.

The major British presence is still accounted for by BUPA and the Nuffield Nursing Home Trust, which it set up in the 1950s. NNHT have 30 hospitals and have recently launched a national fund raising appeal, mainly aimed at business. BUPA have, in recent years, moved into hospitals directly themselves. In total BUPA provides about £11 million a year for the private health business.

Finally, there is Allied Medical Group, rescued by the NEB in 1977 and mainly involved in managing hospitals abroad. Although somewhat reticent about what it is up to now, AMG is already involved in more than one possible project in Britain.

One thing characterises almost all the private sector schemes: they concentrate on the non-emergency acute medicine which can be highly profitable as it involves short-stays in hospital and little after-care. This leaves the NHS with the extremely expensive, unprofitable emergency and long-stay business. Only so long as the NHS provides this service and goes on training the staff for the private sector can the profits in the private sector be maintained. □

Diary

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

■ The Royal Academy is currently hanging a show entitled 'A New Spirit in Painting'. It is a complete disaster. Our art critic John Spurling gave it a going-over last month, saying that 'The Royal Academy doesn't know the difference between good and bad art' and recommending people to go 'if only to keep the Academy solvent'. He spoke, perhaps, more truly than he knew. The *NS* has received some letters from the bowels of the RA which show that solvency was placed even lower on the agenda than taste. Eduardo Paolozzi, one of the few Council members who cares about either consideration, has protested about the payment of huge sums to a 'Berlin art critic' for services rendered in 'negotiating loans' to the exhibition. He points out that this man is well known as a promoter of the group of German artists whose work is agreed to be the low point of the exhibition. (They were preferred to the drawings and paintings of Palladio, offered to the RA for his tricentenary by the Italian Embassy which did not receive a reply to its kind offer). John Spurling called this same critic's introduction to the exhibition 'a piece of sheer waffle'. His expenses make interesting reading as well. For travelling in style around the globe he and his associates charged well over £9,000. None of the entries are itemised. One reads 'Various lunches held in London 1/3/80 to 30/11/80, £245'. Pretty good going. We could retitle the exhibition as 'The Schlock of the New'.

■ A few weeks ago I made a cheap remark about Reagan's advisers poring over the map to find out the whereabouts of Europe. I little thought to be vindicated so soon. William Clark, the California lawyer who is to be Deputy Secretary of State, knows damn-all and doesn't care who knows it. Cross-examined by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, he admitted that he couldn't name the leaders of South Africa or of Zimbabwe, had heard nothing of the travails of the Labour Party, and knew nothing of European response to missile deployment. Without wishing to seem unkind, I would like to pass on the headline in the Amsterdam daily *Volkskrant,* which said 'Reagan Chooses Nitwit as Minister'. Nitwit was written in English; the remainder in Dutch. Incidentally, I hear from a member of the clan that General Alexander Haig (who had better keep fit in case this character takes over) is related to General Douglas Haig by reasonably direct descent. Nothing for Europeans to be proud about in that particular case.

■ Broad of Church and Broad of Mind
Broad Before and Broad Behind . . .
The Limehouse Declaration ('The Limehouse Declaration' forsooth! I mean, has anybody ever actually *seen* that street — the one where David Owen lives? Well, I have and though I'm bound to say I wasn't exactly invited into the house I can tell you that the street looks and feels more like a chic part of Chelsea), The Limehouse Declaration, anyway, was rotten before it was ripe. I had a look at the list of dank prima donnas and bleached-bone artists who made up the signatures, and I felt rather cheated. I would like a fight in the open with the forces of the 'radical centre', but not with this ragbag of people who have already fought and been beaten. Where, by the way, (while cloning like Trots), do they get the title of 'social democrat'? Until recently it was a title of honour, worn by everybody from Rosa Luxemburg to Matteoti. Even the Bolshevik Party's full name was the Russian Social Democratic Workers Party. How was it turned into a high-sounding pseudonym for wishy-washy liberal? I suspect that, in translating the name of the German SPD, our native centrists have converted the term *Sozialdemokratische* without rendering either the history or the meaning. Still, it sounds good and that is what matters.

■ I am as interested as the next man in the business dealings of Conservative MPs (or Labour MPs for that matter). I like to think that there are vigilant journalists, able to read a balance sheet, who can keep me abreast of such things. I must say that the *News of the World* is not usually the paper to conduct such

Roger Woddis

I Shall Vote Centre

(With apologies to Christopher Logue for updating his 'I Shall Vote Labour' of 1966)

I shall vote Centre because
the opinion-polls say I ought to vote Centre.
I shall vote Centre in order to protect
the sacred institution of *Any Questions?*
I shall vote Centre because the Centre
has got it just about Right.
I shall vote Centre because
I am fond of claret.
I shall vote Centre because Janet Suzman
will vote Centre.
I shall vote Centre because if I don't
Benn will put me to work in the salt-mines.

AND

I shall vote Centre because
Shirley has been through a gruelling time.
I shall vote Centre because my wife
had her breasts fondled by a man on the Underground.
I shall vote Centre because if I do not vote Centre
I shall become impotent.
I shall vote Centre because I know
how to pronounce Lech Walesa.
I shall vote Centre because
my dentist is a member of CND.
I shall vote Centre because I want to see
the Fire Service handed back to private enterprise.
I shall vote Centre because
there isn't enough sport on television.
I shall vote Centre because I want to stop
bus-conductors calling me 'squire'.
I shall vote Centre because the Queen
has a very difficult job and she does it superbly.
I shall vote Centre because,
deep down,
I am very shallow.

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inquiries, but there are encouraging signs of a change of heart. The other day a freelance writer was rung up by that paper and asked if he knew anything about the financial dealings of a Tory MP, a friend and colleague of his for some years. Times being hard for freelances, and Murdoch papers being known for their largesse, my informant said that he would like to help, but knew nothing that would make a story. He was pressed to say more, but declined. The MP was Jonathan Aitken, and the date was the day after Aitken had sponsored a Commons motion demanding a Monopolies Commission inquiry into Murdoch's bid. I can't wait to see these news values being applied to journalists on *The Times*.

■ In some ways, of course, they already are. The *Times* first leader on 10 February, heaping the usual praise on you-know-who, began with the sentence:

> Mrs Shirley Williams would make a good Prime Minister.

Several inches lower down occurred the sentence:

> There has not been total agreement between a Prime Minister and this newspaper since Neville Chamberlain was in office, and that was based on both of us being wrong.

Depend upon it sir, when a clapped-out second rate editor is going to the board of General Electric in a month, it concentrates his mind wonderfully.

■ Notes from the front. A few days ago the General and Municipal Workers Union held a conference in a London Hotel. One of the speakers referred to Thatcher as a 'silly bitch'. One of the union's research officers got up and protested at the tone of his remarks. The speaker then said (in the presence of television cameras) 'I believe that God sent bitches to earth for the pleasure of dogs and that women were sent here for men's pleasure'. Whereat the assembled delegates turned round to look at the two or three women in the room.

■ It's been a pretty thin week (see page six) for the drifting survivors of Europe's fascist monarchies. Ever since I saw Frederika of Greece, alluringly captured in her exquisitely tailored Hitler Youth uniform, I doubted that she had the heart and stomach of a Queen — let alone the Queen of a republican and restless people. How appropriate that she should finally have checked out in the bosom of the Bourbons in Madrid. And how typical that Prince Philip should choose to attend her funeral in person 'representing the British Royal Family'. During the sixties, when Frederika was meddling so venomously in Greek politics, she was a frequent and honoured guest of Buckingham Palace. Then as now, the forces of the extreme Right were glad to claim the House of Windsor as an ally. In Prince Philip they seem to have found their man.

This England

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcard, please.)

☐ Today being the Feast of Epiphany, Holy Communion was celebrated in the Chapel Royal, St James's Palace, when the customary offerings of gold, frankincense and myrrh were made on behalf of the Queen by Lieutenant-Commander John Holdsworth and Lieutenant Cd. and Sir Julian Paget, Bt. — Court Circular in *The Times* (Brenda Rowe).

Foolish things

Arthur Marshall

I HAVE MADE so bold in the past as to share with you, and at least twice before, my experiences while trying to find a mate, that elusive Miss Right who side-steps and dodges me for all the world as though she played rugger for England and who, in my fevered imagination, is a sort of joyous amalgam of Garbo (extreme beauty allied to not too much in the way of chat), Mrs Beeton (tasty tuck), F. Nightingale (succour in illness) and Dorothy Parker (quips galore and a breezy approach to life). But what, staunch feminists not a million miles from here will be demanding, have I to offer in return, particularly after setting my sights (Garbo, indeed!) so unjustifiably high? Precious little, must be my answer. Few teeth, though all my own. A dislike of parsnips in any form. No trust at all in God or in prayer (I sometimes think that the batteries in His hearing-aid have long since conked out). A tendency to read little that is new but to re-read for the umpteenth time imperishable treats such as *Decline and Fall, The Enchanted April, David Copperfield* and every novel by Stella Gibbons. Not very much to put in the shop window, I do admit.

I do not mention the name of Garbo without careful thought for Fate's Whirligig, obviously in madcap mood, once accorded me a meeting, though a brief one, with this goddess. It was in 1956 and she was for a short while in London masquerading as 'Miss Brown' and deceiving almost nobody. I was working at the time in Cambridge and as secretary, eye-shade and both my typing fingers at the ready, to Lord Rothschild. The latter was a friend of Miss G and a car was to be sent to London to collect her from the Savoy Hotel and bring her back to Cambridge for lunch. The house's drive was fairly narrow and to get her to the front door the car would have to pass the window of the room where I worked. I had a word with the ever obliging chauffeur and begged him to drive by as slowly as possible so that I could have a proper look at this unique performer.

He did even better than that. He stopped altogether and Miss G, evidently thinking that she had arrived, peered through the car window to see where she was. A light rain had been falling, that superb face was untouched by time and at once we were back again in those marvellous scenes in the early talkie of *Anna Christie* where, a bemacintoshed figure in a drab felt hat, she haunted the damp dockside and looked about, I am very sorry to have to remind you but facts are facts and must be faced, for men. Hollywood's puritanism being what it was in the early 30s, it wasn't made all that clear what she was up to but the more nimble-minded could at once spot her profession although she was of course, underneath it all and in the very best traditions of fictional prostitutes, as pure as the driven snow and with a heart of gold. And there, after all these years, she was once more, raindrops, wistful look and all, and not four feet away from me. Later in the day, my kind employer made an excuse to send for me and I positively met her. Firm hand-shake. Huge feet. Slight smile. Silence. Anxious to get, so to speak, a close-up, I advanced my face perilously near to hers and she, interested I suppose to see what strange English fish stood before her, did the same thing. Our noses didn't actually touch but it was a very close thing. Please to forgive this boastful snippet and take comfort from the fact that ever since that peak moment my life has been just one long *dégringolade*.

But back to a possible Miss Right. Although I am obviously no great cop either physically or mentally, it is true that I have commodious 'Myrtlebank' to lay, as it were, at her feet and those who say that it would not be ethical to dazzle her with such an outstanding architectural attraction are talking through their hats. She'll want to know where she's going to live, won't she? Well then. February does not find us, I fear, at our tippy-topmost best horticulturally but I shall be able to show her where the arum lilies will be when they decide to pop up, and explain to her that the large supply of dead brown stalks in the ground will one glorious day be fuchsias again.

I have been trying to relate Miss Right to some of the lyrics in that well-known song 'These Foolish Things', now made available to us in John Hadfield's splendidly catholic *Everyman's Book of English Love Poems* and bless me if Garbo doesn't, like my arums, come popping up again: 'The smile of Garbo and the scent of roses,/The waiters whistling as the last bar closes'. I don't exactly envisage my Miss Right with mock Mona Lisa leer reeling tipsily out of the Appleton pub long after 'Time' has been called and smelling strongly of stout, but I can perhaps throw a little light on the line that goes 'The sigh of midnight trains in empty stations'. The lyricist is here plainly referring to the 10.15 p.m. from Paignton which reaches and passes through Torquay at about 10.55 p.m., not midnight precisely but poetic licence and all that (no buffer car facilities, and change at Newton Abbot). The line that rhymes with this timely praise of the varied charms of British rail is 'Silk stockings thrown aside, dance invitations'. Nothing is less inviting than untidiness in bedrooms and the place for silk stockings, though I tend to see Miss Right in nylon or, even, tights, is a drawer. As to the dance invitations, here we must wait for the Bultitudes and what they call their yearly 'hop' and which is sometimes a fancy dress one, with Giles as a pirate waving a Jolly Roger (shrieks of 'Where's the rum, me hearties?' and a chance to pinch a bottom or two) and Bunty as a wildly animated Dresden shepherdess.

The song contains other and more worrying lines. 'A cigarette that bears a lip-stick's traces' implies a regular resort to gaspers (younger readers may care to learn that that is the word that some of us golden oldies used to use for our fags). 'Gardenia perfume' and 'long excited cables' hint at an extravagance well beyond my pocket, and as for 'wild strawberries', these are mentioned as being 'only seven francs a kilo'. 'Only' indeed! This works out at about eleven shillings and eightpence the punnet. The engagement is off. □

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LETTERS

Up the polls

From John Landell Mills

Conrad Jameson's rehash of his views on opinion polls (*NS* 6 February) uses the demagogue's old trick of distorting an opponent's case before attacking it. Nobody seriously argues that opinion polls are adequate substitute for fuller research into the complexities of people's attitudes and the motivations that underline them. Nor does anyone respected in the research business pretend that a few poll questions can provide much of a guide to marketing products of limited, minority appeal — whether they are mentholated cigarettes or the former Lord Stansgate's policies. Yes, they do need 'partisan' research for that.

What remains true is that opinion polls, carried out properly, provide an accurate measure of the public's response to straight-forward questions. Recent polls do indicate that there is potentially a very large vote indeed for politicans who offer a clear alternative to both Thatcherite conservatism and the muddled, extremist policies that are now Labour's official platform.

Jameson is trying to throw sand in the eyes of people contemplating this important finding which promises for many of us the brightest political hope since Jo Grimond first called for a realignment of the left some 20 years ago.

Potticks House, Frankleigh, Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts.

From Norman L. Webb, Director, Social Surveys (Gallup Poll) Ltd

A sustained argument based logically on evidence leading to a conclusion that opinion polls were misguided and misleading is something the market research profession would have to take notice of, and would even welcome in principle as part of the proper professional controversy that might lead to improvements in our services. Conrad Jameson's ill-considered and somewhat incoherent side-swipe at the work of opinion polling companies and our findings is not of this type at all. My advice to readers is to ignore it and him.

The accuracy and meaningfulness of our work is a matter of public record over at least a generation, and the press, the broadcast media and the three main political parties have supported our work by financing it. There are plenty of ways of assessing what we do, and the industry would have died a death a long time ago if it had not been providing reliable information to the media and the public.

202 Finchley Road, London NW3

A state of siege

From Ian Haig, Senior Community Relations Officer, Hackney Council for Racial Equality

The working party created by Lambeth Borough Council to investigate 'the nature of policing in Lambeth and its effects on the local community' is to be congratulated on carrying out such a thorough piece of work (Francis Wheen *NS* 30 Jan). Similar investigations in other Boroughs and in particular in our own, Hackney, would almost certainly come to the same conclusion about police harassment of black people. We also hear the same kind of complaints as are described in the report, the same fears and the same anger.

It is noteworthy that because of the state of police-black relations and the attitudes expressed by the police towards liaison, such traditionally middle of the road organisations as Councils for Racial Equality have come to feel that there is very little point in pursuing police liaison committees.

In London, the CREs in Lambeth, Hackney and Ealing have all broken off police liaison and the London-wide committee representing CRC's liaison with Scotland Yard's community relations branch A7 has also been severed. Others still survive but there are many doubts about their continuing viability. This crisis in police-black relations will only exacerbated if the Royal Commission proposals for the extension of police powers are enacted. As long as there is no proper democratic control of the police in London, a complaints procedure that few in our experience who complain have any faith in and persistently recurring examples of racist attitudes among the police, then all the public relations of exhortation, 5-a-side football competitions and police open days will just be so much irrelevant nonsense.

247 Mare Street, London E8

Greek fire

From Anthony Price, Editor, The Oxford Times

Congratulations to the *New Statesman* for resurrecting the 'former British artillery officer's' story in Christopher Hitchens' Diary (23 Jan.) of the near-bombardment of the Parthenon in 1944. However, as the editor of the newspaper which first published that officer's recollections of the event, I must venture a correction.

The officer in question — a friend of mine as well as a contributor — did *not* aim 'a touch higher than he had been ordered' in order to clear the obstacle. Secure in his professional competence, he observed the Parthenon, aimed his guns and clobbered the ELAS positions as ordered, notwithstanding his own reservations on the target and his Christmas Eve hangover.

I feel that it is important to set the record straight in this matter, both for reasons of historical accuracy and to preserve my friend's reputation for professional accuracy as a gunner.

Osney Mead, Oxford

Goodies and baddies

From Greg Philo, Peter Beharrel and John Hewitt

If we were as cavalier in writing our research as Phillip Whitehead and Austin Mitchell are in writing letters about it, we would indeed worry about its calibre. In our article on television coverage of politics (*NS* 23 January) we did not of course argue that the media produced the split in the Labour Party. However, on the basis of a long and detailed study of television news we concluded that divisions in the party were presented from the point of view of the right wing, and that the news followed a rationale and logic which was of most benefit to those who intended to leave the party. The views of the centre were absent and the choice constructed for the viewer was largely between the apparently sensible, appealing, democratic right and the dominating, blackmailing, intimidating left. In presenting this picture the television news violated basic criteria of balance, impartiality and accuracy.

In the coverage of the Barnsley constituency we argued that the BBC were wrong to suggest that a critical meeting with Roy Mason was 'dominated' by the views of 'Scargill's miners'. The vote which Mason lost (we wrote) was so overwhelming that even if none of the miners' delegates had voted it would have been carried by over two to one. This is dismissed by Messrs Whitehead and Mitchell as 'nitpicking over numbers.' They prefer to make up their own, and accuse us of failing to note at that particular meeting 'the NUM's huge block (probably over 70) . . .'. A brief phone call in the name of science to the local party secretary would have revealed to them (as it had to us) that there were in fact 40 miners' delegates at that meeting out of 123 present.

At times Messrs Whitehead and Mitchell appear to need not so much science as glasses. We are very careful in research not to make personal statements or to endorse views. The comments which they claim to be our 'naive' personal view are in fact a direct quote in the article from a BBC journalist on *Newsnight*.

On the question of balance in television news we showed that right-wing opinions on 'intimidation' and undemocratic behaviour were reported four times as much as the comments of the left. For Messrs Whitehead and Mitchell to say that this is acceptable coverage because they happen to share the dominant media opinion and therefore think it is 'true', shows a very unphilosophical notion of balance. Still, let us be philanthropic. Mr Whitehead was kind enough in his recent review of our work in the *Listener* to commend our research methods and scientific procedures. *'Bad News* and *More Bad News,'* he wrote, 'should be compulsory reading for everyone who aspires to be a television journalist . . .'. Perhaps a closer look at them would help Messrs Whitehead and Mitchell too.

Glasgow University Media Group, 61 Southpark Avenue, Glasgow G12

From Sheila Unger

Regarding bias in BBC news, another example of that occurred on the day of the McAliskey shootings. On BBC TV News in the evening, the shootings were reported and the newsreader then referred back to B. McAliskey's part in violent street demonstrations. No mention was made of the fact that these marches were protesting against the corrupt voting system in Ulster. So the impression was created that this person was a 'troublemaker', rather than someone who was protesting against injuries.

At one time, I would have written to the BBC to complain but that now is a waste of time. Either they don't answer or they send a 'non-reply'. It's very sad that BBC standards of news presentation have fallen so badly. Could it be that their determination to deprive us of 'BBC World Service' is a diabolical plot to make us forget what proper news sounds like?

32 North Salts, Rye, Sussex

Dr Owen's medicine

From Ben Stoneham, Treasurer, Campaign for Labour Victory

With such a formidable 'hitting list' it was remarkable that Dr David Owen's new book *Face the Future* emerged so unscathed (*NS* 30 January).

But it was surely unfair of Frank Field to criticise Dr Owen for giving less attention to the one-member-one-vote basis for elections proposal in the Labour Party, when he has been a leading supporter of it over the past year. After all, *Face the Future* is a major political work covering a whole range of major policy issues.

Robin Cook is normally careful with his facts, but it is wrong to say that the Labour Committee for Transatlantic Understanding published Dr David Owen's pamphlet 'Negotiate and Survive'. We did, and it is available from us for 50p post free. (And no, we do not receive money from NATO.)

It may also be helpful to mention that Nick Bosanquet's 'Signposts for the Eighties — An Economic Strategy for the next Labour Government', which was given an 'honourable' mention by Frank Field, is also available from our office for £1, post free.

39c Highbury Place, London N5

Rights or luxuries?

From George Tsimon, Refugee Mayor of Kyrenia, Cyprus

In sympathy for the 52 American captives and hostages, also their families and relations, we hail their release and the end of the inhuman mental and physical torment they have suffered during the last 14 months.

We congratulate the Western news media, especially the BBC, for the admirable work they did with so much enthusiasm during those trying months to keep the whole world informed and achieve their release.

It is very sad indeed, however, for Cyprus which has 200,000 refugees, 2,000 'enclaved' and 2,000 missing persons who have all been hostages for nearly seven years. Nobody considers or even mentions these people's tragedy. This makes us wonder whether human rights apply only to the privileged few, or whether perhaps they are rare luxuries invented exclusively for Americans.

A salt that lost its savour

From Tim Hopkins

We in the provinces are flattered to even appear in the *New Statesman*, let alone be the subject of biblical references (Weekend Competition 6.2.81). I think it only decent that I should cast some light on the 'unexplained absence' that Mr Shortstraw so touchingly lamented. May I refer him to Luke, Chapter 14, vv 34 and 35.

69 Edgewood Drive, Luton, Beds.

Artful Miss Austen

From Eva Figes

Mrs MacIver (Letters 23 January) seems to have misunderstood my reference to Jane Austen. I was, in my own artful fashion, poking fun at the long line of critics who have blamed Austen for failing to mention the Napoleonic Wars, not trying to join them. I am surprised that any admirer of Jane Austen could have failed to catch such obvious irony. But then she is the master — not I.

24 Fitzjohn's Avenue, London NW3

Information wanted

Role of 'left' political groups in the peace movement: We would appreciate information (or simply lists of references or useful sources) for the period from 1945 to the present.

Jon D'Arcy, Peace Action Newcastle, c/o 1 Archbold Terrace, Jesmond, Newcastle-upon-Tyne

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BOOKS & ARTS

Ian Black on the Arab-Israeli deadlock which is producing neither justice for the Palestinians nor peace for any party.

Common burden of the past

BEYOND OIL, beyond the possible temptations of the Euro-Arab dialogue, the plight of the Palestinians still troubles many western consciences. This people, the argument goes, is the victim of a great injustice. Its legitimate grievances must be redressed, an equitable settlement arrived at. Its case, surely, must be answered?

David Gilmour's study of the 'ordeal' of the Palestinians places him firmly in a long tradition of British exponents of this view. His is a modern, and, it must be said, particularly persuasive version. He has done his homework and avoided the excesses of propaganda to be found in many works on the Arab-Zionist conflict over Palestine.

There is little breast-beating about Perfidious Albion abusing its mandate to govern the Holy Land; less still of the traditional harping on Begin the terrorist (although there is a good deal about his later transformation into Israel's Prime Minister); Zionism as an ideology is not a contentious issue. Nationalism is the name of the game and partition its guiding principle.

The author's argument (for *Dispossessed* is a work of sustained polemic) is that 'the creation of a state in the West Bank and Gaza is the least that the world can now do for the Palestinians'. This cannot, he argues,

> represent full justice and it will not undo the harm done to them over so many years. But it will restore to them their nationhood — they will be able to feel that they do belong somewhere, that they can function as a nation in their own land like other peoples.

Gilmour tells a solid, if already well-trodden tale (especially in the Balfour to Bevin period) — and there are occasional insights. Freya Stark is quoted (circa 1945) to illustrate a point which captures the essence of the conflict (at least until Israel's 1967 victory bent the old ideal of 'Hebrew labour'):

> the feeling of exclusion which haunts one through all the Zionist endeavour in Palestine: it spoils the atmosphere of the agricultural colonies, where Arab labour is nearly all shut out; it spoils the hotels where Arab service, even in laundry or garden . . . would be 'disapproved of . . .'

Rejectionism, whether that of Haj Amin al-Husseini, the British-appointed and later pro-Axis Mufti of Jerusalem, or of George Habash, the Greek Orthodox leader of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, is 'romantic and irresponsible', Gilmour argues. '"Twenty years or more of war" may satisfy Dr Habash's philosophy . . . but it will not do much for the barefoot children selling bubblegum in the streets of Beirut.'

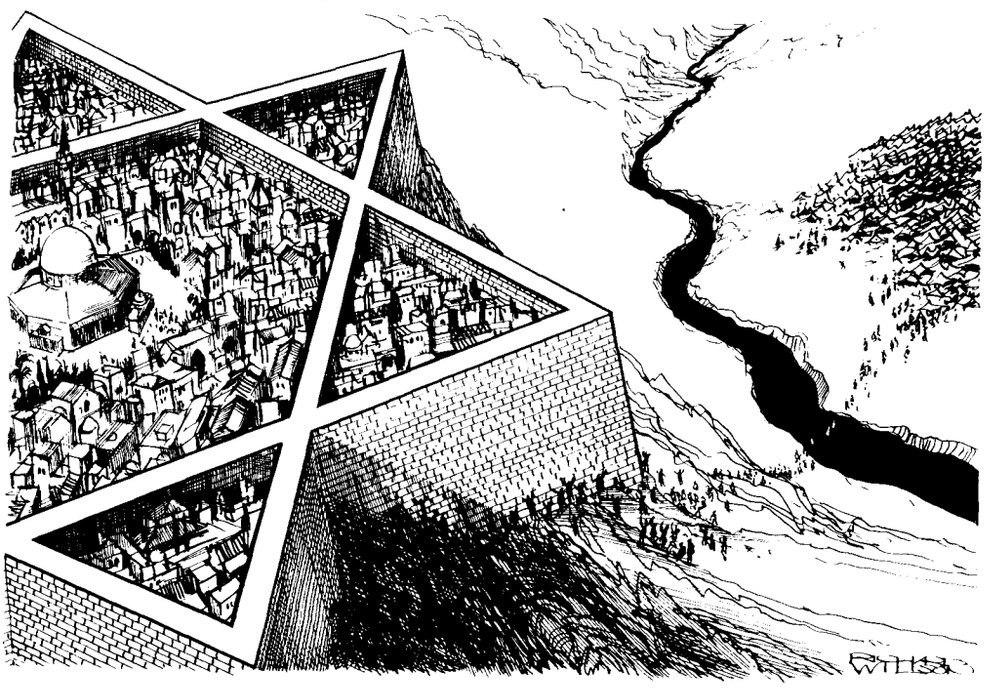
Yet there is not sufficient explanation of why it is still proving so difficult, even for pragmatic and oil-conscious Europeans free of the old continent's blood debt towards the remnant of its Jews, to accommodate the PLO. Wishful thinking is no substitute for the clarification of fundamental issues: an explanation of the political constraints on the guerrilla organisation, or of its view of the process of bargaining, would not have made the Palestinian case any less undeniable, as Gilmour argues it now should be.

Do 'the Palestinians' — all of them, or even the politically influential among them — 'now accept Israel's 1948 conquests and annexations, unjust though they were'? And have they really 'made it clear' that they are prepared to accept an independent state in the 23 per cent of Palestine made up by the West Bank, East Jerusalem and the Gaza Strip?

But anyway, why avoid the central problem of the PLO's ambiguity (or two-facedness, depending on your view) in its attitude towards Israel? It is a time-honoured tradition in the Palestine conflict to be intentionally vague about what you really want. Throughout the mandatory period the Zionists were careful not to overdo their demands for statehood (often using concepts like National Home and or Commonwealth) for fear of frightening Whitehall. And today Abba Eban, the man most likely to be Israel's next Foreign Minister, talks happily of his Labour Party's 'more compact vision of Israel' than the maximalist view which has prospered under the Begin Government. Everyone knows that much must happen before the world, or even Mr Eban himself, can know what he really means. So why pretend that the world, or 'the Palestinians' themselves are sure of their own final goals? There have been indications, trial balloons; trends can be correctly observed. But nothing has been 'made clear'.

Gilmour's view of history, too, is a trifle over engagé. The rhetoric of any nationalist movement tends to the extravagant, but were the Palestinians truly 'a nation struggling for birth since the death of the Ottoman Empire'? Well, perhaps, but they weren't struggling nearly as hard as the Zionists. And what of those powerful effendis who so readily agreed to sell their lands to the enemy?

Dispossessed covers a broad canvas, and on the whole, despite these points, does it well. Ian Lustick's monograph on Israel's Arab minority is a far more modest venture but it does provide a highly perceptive and original analysis of this hapless community. He details how a triangular structure of control — segmentation, dependence and co-optation — has kept 14 per cent of Israel's population politically quiescent; and he predicts that, whatever future course Israel adopts over the occupied West Bank and Gaza, the Palestinian community inside the old and now invisible 'Green Line' will remain cowed and divided.



The difficulty, for any Israeli Government, of ever surrendering 'Judea and Samaria' is underlined in William Harris's study of the post-1967 settlement in those territories. Essentially a work of political geography (the term might have been invented especially for the subject), *Taking Root* makes extensive use of Hebrew sources and interviews with key figures in settlement policy. Despite this, there are some unfortunate lacunae, especially on how leading Labour Party figures, like the late Yigal Allon, actually co-operated with the fundamentalist settlers who were later to thrive under Begin.

The book will not cheer Messrs Eban, Peres and friends, now girding themselves for victory in the summer elections. 'At the end of the day,' the author comments, in a postscript which takes us up to May 1980,

> Israel must come to an agreement not with Washington or Cairo or the Hashemites but with the Arab people of Palestine. Here the only possible basis for a stable bargain is Israeli acceptance of Palestinian national self-determination in the West Bank, East Jerusalem and the Gaza Strip (1967 boundaries only slightly adjusted) in exchange for full Arab recognition of Israel and certain security and access provisions for Israel on

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Dispossessed: The Ordeal of the Palestinians 1917-1980 by DAVID GILMOUR *Sidgwick & Jackson* £12.50

Arabs in the Jewish State by IAN LUSTICK *University of Texas* £12 & £6.60

Taking Root by WILLIAM WILSON HARRIS *Research Studies Press* £16.50

A Crisis of Identity: Israel and Zionism by DAN V. SEGRE *Oxford* £6.50

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the eastern front. Without such a bargain . . . the long and tragic struggle of two great and sophisticated peoples for the same land will continue into the indefinite future.

Dan Segre takes a more philosophical view of the issues facing the State of Israel in the fourth decade of its independence. Considering he is a professor of political science (at Haifa University), politics plays little part in his searching, often dense work: religion and secularism, *kulturkampf*, Jewish and Israeli identities are his themes. He attributes Israel's problems to the breakdown of the traditional Jewish communal system in the 19th century and the increasingly non-western character of the country — the latter factor, some would argue, actually providing the only hope of Israel ever being integrated into the Middle East. Emancipation, the author argues (curiously, as if it had happened yesterday and there was little else to think about), has been politically successful but morally self-defeating. The increase in the state's power and material resources has been accompanied by a decrease in its self-confidence. He is correct in observing that in Israel 'the impact of Jewish tradition is much more pronounced than appears on the surface'.

Segre's view, though, is an idealistic one, using concepts like identity and spirit, where the more concrete disciplines of sociology, demography and economics would have been more instructive. 'Life in insecurity (after the shock of the 1973 war),' he argues, plunged Israelis 'right back into the old existentialist situation of the Jew.' And for those, he continues, 'to whom the State of Israel had represented the final break away from the Jewish problem it was a very painful experience, often leading to despair and emigration. For others it was the starting point in a search for a Jewish revival.'

Segre leaves an impression of confusion, and (dare one say?) a sense of priorities slightly askew when the need for peace, not the solution of an identity crisis, is the order of the day. His Zionist assumptions, however, remain confident and unshaken by the doubt that wracks his vision of the future. Segre's 'Jewish assimilationist' — a 'tragic' character —

> says to the nations of the world. 'I am like you in every respect, therefore I have the right to mingle in your life, culture, society in every respect.' He got his answer at Auschwitz, in the Siberian Lagers, in the Liberal Clubs of the Old and New Left, and in the authoritarian organisations which he joined at various times and in various places.

What the Arab-Zionist conflict needs, it seems is far fewer books and more people who can look forward, in spite of difficulties, to a brighter future that will liberate Palestinians and Israelis, Arabs and Jews — and their friends — from the burden of the ordeals and obsessions of an overwhelming past. □

Arthur Marshall

Starlife

Gertrude Lawrence by SHERIDAN MORLEY *Weidenfeld* £8.95

Those of us who chanced to see the Brixton pantomine of 1908, *Babes in the Wood,* cannot fail to recall a dainty robin redbreast in wrinkled brown tights who covered the lost babes with property leaves, probably delivered a couplet beginning 'Sleep on, sweet babes' and undoubtedly tried to make them giggle with muttered indecencies. Her theatrical calling cards read 'Little Gertie Lawrence, Child Actress and Danseuse' and she was soon to appear with a mischievous boy called Noël Coward in the dream sequences of *Hannele.* They were members of the holy Angelic Chorus, a potentially and spiritually uplifting experience which, the producer Basil Dean records, 'did not markedly influence either of them'. And the rest is, more or less, history.

Impossible to explain, to the many who never saw her, the magic, the warmth of personality, the humour, the grace of movement and the beauty (she could, though nothing of an oil painting, assume it, like Dame Edith, at will). Little remains by way of evidence — some photographs, a few not very good films, some reminiscences (not always very obliging ones) by fellow performers, and some gramophone records in which she is for ever reaching for the right note and so very nearly succeeding.

Her inborn talent was immediately apparent to Italia Conti, famous trainer of child actors, and it is to Miss Conti's everlasting credit that she gave this child from a deprived and moonlighting home some free lessons. Apart from these, she learnt her trade in the best way of all, by actual stage experience in such touring revues as *Miss Plaster of Paris* and, for so popular had it been, its sequel, *Miss Lamb of Canterbury.*

And then there came a bit of luck. Performing in, of all unlikely places, Shrewsbury, she was spotted by a celebrated American revue pair, Lee White and Clay Smith. They introduced her to André Charlot, creator of the 'intimate' revue as opposed to the Ziegfeld ones in which little happened but beautiful, busty girls slowly descending staircases and looking haughty. Charlot had an eagle-eye for real talent and in no time at all she was at the Vaudeville in a revue called *Some.* In addition to chorus work, she was to understudy a Canadian songbird called Beatrice Lillie who had arrived in the West End a mere three months after her British début in music hall at the Chatham Empire.

Careless and off-hand about understudy rehearsals and swiftly replaced by a thin and peaky child called Jessie Matthews, Miss Lawrence appeared in a series of Charlot shows and was meanwhile busily employed rising above her Brixton background, an unfortunate marriage and an unwanted daughter. She acquired a selection of upper-crust accents (she had a sort of county drawl one which was perfection) and, after a spell at Murray's nightclub, moved swiftly into very high society indeed, with dinner parties in St James's Palace (Prince of Wales) and supper parties at Rule's (Duke of Kent). By now she had achieved a hysterectomy and not, I would think, one moment too soon.

As a career it was triumphant (*Private Lives, Tonight at 8.30, The King and I* — the list is endless) and she died, long before her time, at the age of 54, but as a life it was the saddest of messes. She was basically a numskull. Wildly extravagant, she became bankrupt in 1935 to the tune of £24,000. She was often alone. There is no evidence that she ever read a book. Lovers came and went and were, I suspect, rather relieved to go. But never mind, she was what she had devoted her life to being, in Agnes de Mille's phrase, 'a great big stunning star'.

It is a fascinating story supremely well told by Sheridan Morley. This is an expert at work. □

Gillian Wilce

Fact & fiction

The Kennaway Papers by JAMES & SUSAN KENNAWAY *Cape* £5.50
Some Gorgeous Accident by JAMES KENNAWAY *Mainstream* £5.95
Household Ghosts by JAMES KENNAWAY *Mainstream* £5.95

Reading someone's diary and reading a novel are different kinds of activity — conditioned by both the content of the artefact and the reader's expectations. Diary-reading (especially in the case of someone like James Kennaway whose diaries are raw and urgent) is like eavesdropping: offering at worst the voyeuristic pleasure of learning scandalous things about other people and at best a means of looking for the truth in other people's experiences to confirm, add to or even alter one's own truth. It seems, therefore, an impertinence to criticise a diary. It is what it is; the only question is whether it should have been published at all.

The justification advanced for publication of *The Kennaway Papers* is two-fold: one, the internal evidence that James Kennaway wanted the diaries to be read; two, Susan Kennaway's belief that they represent the best of her husband's writing. Briefly, for those who have escaped previous expositions, the Kennaway family went through enormous emotional upheavals when Susan fell in love with James's writer friend David (John le Carré). After James's death in 1968 at the age of 40, Susan found the diaries he had kept during that period and has now published them together with selected letters and a clear, concise commentary putting her own view of events.

James and David had the kind of friendship which more than rivals Eros in creating intimacy. James was insistent that Susan and David should meet (the three of them even saw *Jules et Jim* together), then erupted with raging jealousy when he discovered a love letter. There followed abrupt departures, separations, manipulations, recriminations, letters, trans-continental phone calls, an unabashed egotist's display of the good old double standard (promiscuity for me, faithfulness for you), agonisings and black times. Finally, a tentative reconciliation and a year or two of happiness.

The reader (this one at least) reacts as to a friend's account of an unhappy love affair, with some pity, some sympathy, some irritation. 'It's all very well,' one thinks in the moments of irritation, 'indulging in dramatic passion if you can *afford* international phone calls'.

It is very unlikely that these diaries would have seen the light of day had they been about Mr and Mrs Brown of Beckenham and friend instead of about well-known writers. But the main interest of the diaries does lie in what they suggest about the processes of fiction-writing. Passages from his novel *Some Gorgeous Accident* (published in 1967 and demonstrating incidentally that life sometimes produces happier endings than fiction) are included in *The Kennaway Papers* alongside off-the-top-of-the-head accounts of the germinal events. The filleted bits of fiction are jarring and jerky in this context, but they point the

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reader back to the novels, thus providing a rationale for the diaries.

In *Some Gorgeous Accident* James has become Jim Link, fairly famous news photographer, David has become Richard David Fiddes, doctor at St Stephen's Mission Maternity Hospital, and married Susan has become single Susie. Their relationships are acted out all over again, but this time in a social setting, in a city of clubs and restaurants, bachelor flats, working-class hospitals and snow-drifts in the Euston Road, a city where 'there never, never are taxis when there is an emotional emergency'. The speed of the whole thing is an emergency speed. It is still Link's, and his author's, book — the driving force, the destructiveness, the greed to live which prefers disaster to boredom, apparent in the style of the book as well as the character, are all his.

But without the narrowed focus of the directly personal diary, using form and order to free what he knows and feels, James Kennaway makes a different kind of connection with the reader.

Here, for instance, the friendship between the two men is more readily apprehended, being shown (rather than merely protested) in their jokily allusive conversation, the way they are with each other:

> Mainly lies, mainly code — dirty talk: just an act, a cocoon of friendship, both saying, 'Sure we're still on net and of course you're the only one' . . .

James Kennaway is particularly good at the cadences of other people's speech and good, too, at the incidentals of ordinary, physical living which go on round the crisis, like Auden's torturer's horse scratching its behind on a tree. There are other patients in the hospital; at the moment of absolute rejection Link's hands go on pouring out the glasses of champagne intended for a celebration.

It is, as Melvyn Bragg says in his introduction, a macho book. But the lashing-out imposition of will is informed by frustration, panic and, although it is not spelt out so, a fear of mortality.

There are similar intimations in the earlier *Household Ghosts*. The protagonist this time, the one driven to the edge of self-destruct by seeking life in sexual relationships outside an unfulfilling marriage, is a woman, Mary, daughter of a Scottish landed family. The interpolated thoughts of the man towards whom she feels inexorably compelled add to the sum impression of humanity's destructiveness, even, maybe sometimes particularly, where it tries to love. But by no means all is viciousness or gloom. These are people trying to create some sense in their relationships. And it is funny too — in the way that percipient recording of human mores often is. Again there are the voices ('Will you not have another, pet?' say the matrons as they offer each other more meringues at the dance in Dow's Academy), there are the crucial decisions made without a word spoken and the tangential private language which illuminates the ties between Mary and her portly, endearingly hopeless brother Pink.

It is clear from *Some Gorgeous Accident* that a large degree of faithfulness to the author's personal experience can be fruitfully moulded into fiction. And the process of shaping, of providing distance and perspective, makes books which can be re-read and responded to anew. *The Kennaway Papers* are likely to be read only once, by those with an itch to know what happened. □

W. J. McCormack

Mask & mood

The Collected Stories of Elizabeth Bowen *Cape* £8.50

Elizabeth Bowen has not written a short story as totally impressive as Lawrence's 'Odour of Chrysanthemums' or Joyce's 'The Dead', but she has produced the most consistent and extensive body of work in this form by any author writing in English. Unlike Joyce's and Lawrence's, her stories are not over-shadowed by her novels. 'The Demon Lover' at least rivals *The Heat of the Day* in its imaginative response to war-time London. Yet she has never been fully assimilated to the canon of modern English literature, and this failure of judgment on the critics' part is intimately connected with her mastery of the short story form.

The short story is allegedly un-English, a foreign mode indebted to Maupassant and Chekhov, excessively worked upon by Americans and Irish. One of the best existing accounts of the form is Frank O'Connor's *The Lonely Voice* in which 'submerged populations' are identified as the special material of the short story. For O'Connor, children all too often fitted the bill; for Miss Bowen, children memorably ('The Tommy Crans'), but also ghosts. And here too, there is an un-English fondness for the subdued supernatural.

The ultimate and lasting impression which this entirely welcome collection will create is of Elizabeth Bowen's supremacy in responding to the civilian dimension of the second world war. In contrast to *The Heat of the Day* such war-time stories as 'The Happy Autumn Fields' are faultless embodiments of concentrated perception and intelligence. The novels after 1946 fall away, and it is strikingly evident from this present collection how little Miss Bowen wrote in the short story form after that date. The war provided her with the circumstances and symbols in which her art flourished: there was little thereafter to be said.

This centrality of the war in her career reminds us paradoxically of her Irishness; Louis MacNeice and Samuel Beckett (so different in every way) similarly found the war to identify a chasm in their own experience. For Elizabeth Bowen was not Irish in Joyce's sense; she was Anglo-Irish, her identity revolved round a hypen, a linking minus. Meaning for such a writer involved the acknowledgment of two frequently hostile realities. 'Mysterious Kor', one of her finest stories, sets up the remote and deserted city as antithesis to spectral London. This kind of fiction, closer, at times to a self-effacing allegory than to the classic mimetic novel, is illuminated more successfully by reference to Yeatsian masks than to the practice of the Greenes or the Murdochs.

'BREAKFAST', her first attempt at fiction in 1923, displayed those distinctive features which characterised all her subsequent work. The second paragraph (all of it) reads:

> They turned at his entrance profiles and three-quarter faces towards him. There was a silence of suspended munching and little bulges of food were thrust into their cheeks that they might wish him perfunctory good-mornings.

The paragraph, brief as a Jamesian parenthesis or briefer, appears itself to be perfunctory. Its dense, economical use of syntactical suavity and gross attention to appearance will recur in more refined work later. Though the style is modulated later, the same fundamental division persists. While the novels seek to assimilate this condition, the short stories are freer to render it purely as mood. These stories advance memorable characters, present vivid, precise pictures but their ultimate achievement lies elsewhere. In 'Her Table Spread', Valeria Cuffe, a distraite (perhaps daft) heiress mistakes her uneasy house-guest for a longed-for and unknown sailor/lover. Two statues of Mars and Mercury look on as the misunderstanding is lightly unravelled; then:

> Their unseen faces were all three lovely, and, in the silence after the laughter, such a strong

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tenderness reaches him that, standing there in full manhood, without moving or speaking, he was for a moment, not exiled. For the moment, without moving or speaking, he stood, in the dark, in a flame, as though all three said: 'My darling . . .'

As with so many of these stories, the element of narrative involving characters and action is a means to an ultimate distillation of mood.

It seems pointless then to insist on Elizabeth Bowen as one who 'brilliantly portrayed classically English, reticent, emotionally secretive characters'. Her real strength as a writer of fiction lay in the external perspective in which she presented character and the emotional grammar with which she deployed character.

These stories trace the growth of a remarkable writer who transformed uncertainties of origin, and limitations of convention and form, into a body of work uniquely (because tangentially) English. Fiction of the 1920s and 1930s, so often reduced to the *illuminati* of Bloomsbury and Eastwood, or inflated into a tired continuum of Huxleys and Greenes, might be very astutely approached by way of a reassessment of Elizabeth Bowen. This collection provides the very best starting point. □

Marion Glastonbury on slang

Know the lingo

Eric Partridge In His Own Words edited by David Crystal *Deutsch* £6.50

The Muvver Tongue by ROBERT BARLTROP & JIM WOLVERIDGE *Journeyman* £6.95 & £2.95

In his autobiography, *London Particulars*, C.H. Rolph (sometime Chief Inspector C.R. Hewitt) recalls his father's devotion to dictionaries: 'No chair was in his view placed for comfort unless it had an English dictionary within arm's reach and, at the smallest hint of linguistic or semantic doubt or difficulty, he reached.' When the mother of this inveterate verifier came to stay, her catch-phrases rang in the ears of her grandsons — 'Just what the Doctor ordered'; 'Are you kidding?'; 'Cheats never prosper'; 'All behind like a cow's tail' — three or four decades before the post-war dates assigned to them by Eric Partridge.

If only Partridge, historian of demotic speech (1894-1979), had consulted her in his researches, Rolph has often thought. This would indeed have been a rare distinction. Of 66 generous correspondents thanked for their contributions in the 1936 Preface to the *Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English*, only one was a woman. Six subsequent editions mention no female informants at all. But perhaps, given the chance, Partridge might have made an exception in the case of Grandma Hewitt, for she was the widow of a Regimental Sergeant Major whose descendants were to serve in the Armed Forces and the Metropolitan Police, and who, before dying heroically in a Zulu War, had twice been reduced to the ranks for drunkenness and misconduct. This was Partridge's favourite milieu: uniformed, hierarchical, tradition-bound, and hence rich in the vocabulary of covert resistance: skiving, scrounging, kicking over the traces, letting down the side. 'To come the old soldier: to lie, shirk, malinger or boast.' (*A Dictionary of Forces' Slang.*)

Partridge himself refused a commission in the Australian Imperial Infantry since he valued the social diversity he encountered as a private at Gallipoli and on the Western Front; and his taste for the argot of crooks, convicts, racketeers, beggars, tramps, drug-pushers and white slavers led him to cultivate the acquaintance of prison governors, social workers and the police. By a significant paradox, his life's work bore a simultaneous affinity to legislative, law-upholding and law-breaking occupations. His reputation rests on the definition and the violation of rules.

His academic training was conventional: a Classics degree from the University of Queensland; a B.Litt. from Oxford for a comparative study of French and English Romantic poetry. When, with his handbook *Usage and Abusage*, he upstaged Ernest Fowler in a prescriptive role, his recommendations were often severely purist. A vehement footnote castigates the laxity of his American editor in the syntactical placing of 'only'.

He enjoyed the detective work of etymology, tracking down and bringing to book derivations that had given trouble to his colleagues, in whose eyes Partridge's solutions to primitive Indo-European mysteries appeared more imaginative than scrupulous. In his enthusiasm for the hunt, he occasionally laid false trails to put others off the scent. Randolph Quirk reports, with affectionate disapprobation, E.P.'s exploitation of the pseudonym Vigilans to praise and advertise Eric Partridge. The investigator of what is taken for granted, the winkler-out of trade-secrets, the anatomiser of taboos, have much in common with the hoaxer and the con-man. Obsessed with order and analysis and details of presentation — with what Anthony Burgess calls in his commemorative essay 'the whole lexicographical agony' — Partridge nevertheless admired whatever was reckless and unrestrained: in style, gusto; in philology, the inspired guess; in life, its seamy side.

IN HIS ACCOUNT of 'How It All Began', Partridge describes the ordeal of moving, at the age of 13, from New Zealand to Australia, where the nomenclature of everything, including schools, seemed different. Bewildered and disorientated, he brought a notebook in which he entered unfamiliar phrases to commit to memory. Thereafter, whenever he approached a gang by way of its lingo (as, for instance, the Savile Club, to which he was elected in 1950), his quest for initiation implied a bid for popularity, the desire to become one of the boys by mastering their code and by knowing more rude words than anyone else. 'As a club, we are fond of words,' writes the novelist Winston Graham, 'so the cry was always being heard: "We must ask Eric." '

Despite the scorn he professed for 'Alma Mater tribalism', the Public Schools could have found no more faithful scribe and memorialist than this colonial outsider, tirelessly cataloguing the minutiae of what the lavatories are called at Marlborough and the precise epithet for a cadger of food at St Wilfred's College. His old mentor Professor H.C. Wyld maintained that English was most consistently heard at its best among officers in the British Regular Army, and a major, a colonel and a lieutenant colonel were among

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the cronies who helped to devise his list of jocular collective nouns: '*Mothers-in-law:* an interference of, a pestilence of; *Wives:* a questionnaire of, a quo vadis of; *Husbands:* a duty of, a futility of, an unhappiness of.'

Partridge was married in 1925 and had a daughter, but, preferring guys to dolls, spent most of his time in haunts as exclusively masculine as the notional academy of Navarre in *Love's Labour's Lost*. Lacunae and lapses result. In his Supplement to the *Dictionary of Slang*, Partridge glosses 'to come on' as 'an extension since 1945 of to come: to experience the sexual spasm; esp. among teenagers.' He was evidently ignorant of the true meaning: to menstruate, a statement frequently momentous in its revelation that, for good or ill, conception has not taken place.

His predilection for 'greasy allusions' is well-known from *Shakespeare's Bawdy*, but the extract given here, from the letter 'N', suggests an oddly abstract idea of caresses, a startlingly limited grasp of erogenous zones. From 'naked', he takes us, via 'nasty', 'naughty' and 'Neapolitan bone-ache' to 'neck', and cites Hamlet's diatribe against his step-father 'paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers'. Neck, we are informed, is used to indicate 'a woman's bosom; not, here, as a euphemism but for the sake of the metre'. Surely, if Shakespeare had been stuck for a conveniently rhythmic monosyllable, the word 'breast' would have occurred to him? But then Shakespeare knew that there is more to titillation than tits.

Partridge saw himself as 'a navvy of scholarship . . . serving a life sentence'. Like Dr Johnson's 'harmless drudge', he was a single-handed shoveller who moved mountains. The deliberate exclusion from the *OED* of colloquialisms, vulgarisms and slang enabled Partridge to make them all his own. It is a measure of his achievement that his mistakes and omissions serve as a spur and stimulus: they prompt us to answer back.

Nobody does so more effectively than the authors of *The Muvver Tongue*, horses' mouths who have each lived for more than 50 years in the East End, and who worked in Whitechapel Market while Partridge lunched at his club. Their witty, lucid and authoritative account of the Cockney idiom — 'rich imagery for ruefulness of poor lives' — succeeds in rescuing it from the comic stereotypes of Dickens and his successors, from the misinterpretations of book-blinkered philologists and from the hundred years' war waged against it in schools. Warmly recommended.

Stuart Hood on how German television put working-class life on screen

Hope and defiance

TO SEE the National Film Theatre's recent season of *Arbeiterfilme* — films of German working-class life — and to reflect that they were made for and transmitted by West German television was to be made forcibly aware of the narrow focus of television drama and documentary in Britain. The point can be made by asking when last we saw a fictional, documentary or fictional-documentary programme on BBC or ITV which dealt with life on the shop-floor and portrayed working-conditions, labour relations, the experience of taking part in a strike or of being made redundant from the point of view of the workers.

There was — a long time ago now — Roy Battersby's film *Leeds United*, which would certainly qualify as an *Arbeiterfilm* but that was a rare event; on British TV the work-situation is more likely to be the setting for condescending comedy like *On the Buses* or *The Rag Trade*. The reasons for this state of affairs include a belief on the part of programme-planners and programme-makers that when people come home from work they don't want to be shown programmes about the work-place they have just left (but this was not borne out by the German experience) and a feeling that such matters as industrial disputes are sufficiently and safely covered in current affairs programmes. But to these reasons has to be added a lack of understanding of and interest in life as experienced by industrial workers.

Yet it was precisely such people that the directors of the *Arbeiterfilme* chose as their subjects (rather than vets, nannies or civil servants) and depicted not schematically but with all their hopes and fears, contradictions and confusions. Typical of the genre is *Dear Mother, I'm OK*, a feature film directed by Christian Ziewer, dealing with the experiences of a West German unskilled worker in a factory in West Berlin, which Ziewer describes as 'a documentary feature film' based on research, 'that is, documentary scientific examination' of the situation, and artistic imagination. The manuscript was discussed with the workers involved, who contributed their ideas and imagination to its making. It was, therefore, he says, 'not purely documentary but shows stories that serve as a kind of model'. This, of course, is the rub; for work of this kind based on 'analytical deductions about the different interests which . . . determine social conflict' and conceived of as a didactic piece, a *Lehrstück* as Brecht called such work, is not and does not pretend to be impartial.

For this reason films like those shown at the NFT would have immense difficulty in getting air-time on BBC-TV or ITV; and there is no real reason to believe that the Fourth Channel would be able or willing to show a *British* film which, like the German documentary, *Red Flags Can Be Seen Better*, gave an account of the closing-down of a factory from the point of view of the workers involved, the views of management being expressed but marginalised.

That it was possible for such a documentary to be broadcast by ARD, the West German public service network, and produced for it by WDR, the Cologne station, resulted from a combination of circumstances. One of these was that the *Intendant* (Director General) of WDR was a highly intelligent liberal, Klaus von Bismarck, who had impeccable credentials as grand-son of the Iron Chancellor. He believed that the mass media should find 'extensive space for critical questioning' and for 'disruption', which he defined as 'the responsibility of the mind to expose evil, lies and hypocrisy'. He, in turn, had a courageous head of programmes, Hans-Geert Falkenberg, a Social Democrat — it is one of the virtues of the German system that one knows who is who politically — who was prepared to support the work of the radical film-makers and see that it got on the air in spite of protests from right-wing papers and politicians. To do so the direction of WDR exploited two factors: a favourable balance of political power in the Land to which the station broadcasts, and a particular reading of the constitution under which WDR operates. This lays down that 'it (WDR) may not unilaterally serve any one political party or group, lobby, religious confession or ideology'.

In an excellent BFI monograph, *WDR and the Arbeiterfilme* (£3.75), Richard Collins and Vincent Porter explain that this was taken to mean that 'if the dominant ideology of feature films . . . was centred in one part of the political spectrum, then it was the responsibility of the *Intendant* and his senior colleagues to ensure that WDR itself produced films which counterbalanced this ideological bias', thus ensuring that the station's 'overall programming was ideologically impartial and balanced'. This meant that the industrial workers of the Ruhr, who constitute something like a third of the station's audience, had a right to see programmes (including dramas and documentaries) which expressed their interests and point of view.

The experience of seeing these films today calls to mind the excitement produced among audiences in the Thirties (of which I was a member) when they saw miners depicted on the screen in a film like *Coalface* as human beings fulfilling an important social function and worthy of serious treatment by film-makers. Not that the group of directors responsible for the *Arbeiterfilme* shared the Carlylean views on the dignity of labour which Grierson endorsed or that they were inspired by the vague populism of the British documentary film-movement; they were not only more radical, they were also more clearly aware of the aesthetic problems connected with the concept of documentary realism.

ONE OF the merits of the BFI monograph is that it prints the documents of the debate which accompanied the production of the *Arbeiterfilme* — a debate which linked up with the polemics between Lukács and Brecht on realism in the Thirties, just as they saw themselves as linking with the tradition of working-class films which had been suppressed under the Third Reich and to which Brecht's admirable *Kuhle Wampe* belongs. Their aim was described by one producer as to counter that tendency in films about working-class life in which 'the milieu was portrayed as grey, sad and cheerless, especially the work situation, which was depicted as totally unbearable and inhuman and yet essentially unchangeable' while the social situation was depicted as 'a natural condition against which it seemed pointless to rebel'. For those who dared to rebel in these films 'failure was so absolute that change for the worker was inconceivable'. It follows that the directors of the *Arbeiterfilme* reject the Aristotelean view that drama should purge by pity and fear; in the place of such catharis they placed hope and defiance — *Hoffnung und Trotz* — which Ernst Bloch, Marxist theorist almost unknown in Britain, held to be the mainsprings of radical literature.

The solutions attempted by the *Arbeiterfilme* to the problem of representing dramatic incidents on the screen without allowing the audience to indulge in a warm bath of feeling are essentially Brechtean in nature. There is the

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use of didactic, explanatory captions. There is the stratagem of revealing the story line at the very beginning of the film in synopsis form so that interest concentrates not on suspense but on the reasons for actions, for their success or failure. There are statements to camera — as in *I am Erwin*, a documentary about an industrial apprentice — by the 'characters' who reveal who they are in 'real life': a working-class mother playing the part of a woman in something like her own situation, a young boy acting the part of her son while actually being an orphan in a youth home. In other words Brechtean alienation and Brechtean reflection on the action are common.

Yet these are not austere films; it is one of their best qualities that they do not neglect the need for pleasure and enjoyment through humour, the use of music, just as they do not overlook the impact of consumerism on workers, or the presence of racist attitudes towards Turkish *Gastarbeiter*, of authoritarianism within the family and stresses between the sexes. Nor were such strategies rejected by the audience. 'It was surprising,' writes Christian Ziewer, 'to see how ready the workers were to forego a well-formed "dramatic plot" once they were motivated to use creatively their own fantasy'. This concern with taking control of one's own destiny led to the form of an 'epic' film, from which the audience learns about its own condition and the ways of changing it. 'When authors believe,' he argued,

> that to show catastrophes will be enough to convince the viewer (as in Costa-Gavra's *Z*) or that brilliant dramatic effects can be used to put over a point, it is because they place their hopes on 'learning through catharsis'. But the labour movement has always learned its lessons by examining and organising its struggles. This called for a critical attitude towards its conditions of existence.

The last *Arbeiterfilm* was transmitted in 1971. There had been a shift in the political balance of power and a strong offensive from the Right. But for a period of eight years a space had been occupied and exploited to make remarkable programmes. □

THEATRE — 1

Benedict Nightingale

Gravamen

The Suicide by NIKOLAI ERDMAN *Aldwych*
Suburban Strains by ALAN AYCKBOURN *Roundhouse*
Hobson's Choice by HAROLD BRIGHOUSE *Lyric, Hammersmith*
A Perfect Retreat by BERNARD KRICHEFSKI *Bush*

How Meyerhold can have expected the State Censorship Committee of 1930 to give its avuncular blessings to *The Suicide*, and how Stanislavsky can have hoped Stalin would personally override its ban, is a psychological puzzle I would not presume to disentangle. The basic situation, that of a young man driven to the brink of self-slaughter by the frustrations of unemployment, is provocative enough; but its exegesis proves more so. None of the predatory malcontents who chivvy Semyon to kill himself as a public protest against their pet disappointments (the idea being that only the dead dare say what the living think) is as scathingly caricatured as the party fanatic who justifies his bathroom voyeurism as looking at women 'from the marxist point of view' and signs a jargon-packed critique of a neighbour's erotic adventures with the soubriquet, 'thirty-five thousand postmen'. He's an entertainingly unappetising amalgam of robot, humbug and sexual infant.

Later, Semyon himself drunkenly phones the Kremlin, leaving the message that he's an 'in-di-vid-u-al', not a statistic, and doesn't like Marx. And at the end he bounds from the coffin in which he's been skulking to denounce society as 'a slogan factory', ask why the government has cheated him with promises of goodies 'for each and all, but not for me', and demand the right at least to grumble. 'Comrades, I beseech you in the name of millions,' Semyon wails, and sends echoing down the decades, 'give us the freedom to whisper: you won't even hear us.' Erdman doesn't suggest that the revolution itself was wrong-headed; but, in his defiance of bureaucratic inscrutability and state omnipotence, he comes close to saying that it is being betrayed.

The play's funny-desperate tone must have grated on the apparatchiks, too, and set their teeth snapping. Only a Russian or an Irishman could have written a farcical comedy called *The Suicide;* only a Russian somehow avoided the inference that the situation, though critical, wasn't really serious; and perhaps only Erdman could send the emotional temperature swooping and plunging with such volatility. Intuitive understanding of the inseparability of hilarity and anguish is, of course, alien to us Anglo-Saxons, with our relentlessly rectilinear temperaments; and there were times when Ron Daniels's generally excellent production became rather frenetic. Perhaps his cast was trying too hard to be flamboyantly 'Russian', perhaps it was thrown by a flattish first-night audience.

But of the aptness and quality of Roger Rees as Semyon there can surely be no doubt. His is a whirling, spiralling, somersaulting performance, played out on the far reaches of panic, which can skid from delight to red-rimmed despair with a gulp, a yowl, or a jerk of the torso, and somehow leave you simultaneously amused and touched. His personal triumph confirms what the evening cumulatively proves, that in Erdman state vandalism destroyed a writer who might have become the Gogol of his generation.

Alan Ayckbourn's plays have all involved the title of his latest, but, if we ignore the uncharacteristic and uncharacteristically disastrous *Jeeves*, their 'strains' have not hitherto been musical. This time, a fidgety and somewhat incomprehensible patter-song replaces suburban dinner-party smalltalk, old-age pensioners humorously bop in a suburban tobacconist's shop, and there are even suburban rhymes about Mrs Reliable becoming Ms Pliable. If I take leave to doubt that all this adds much to the evening's interest, my intention is less to get at Paul Todd's musical talent, which is pungent and pleasing enough, than to suggest that Ayckbourn sometimes uses song as a substitute for comic invention. The play's first half, chronicling the collapse of pernickety Caroline's marriage to slovenly Kevin, covers ground he hasn't so much trodden as worn down to the subterranean limestone. For all the unaffected skill of his Scarborough company, it becomes a suburban strain for us, too.

The second half is better, thanks to a climactic supper and to two nice additions to Ayckbourn's human bestiary: a plump capon named Howard, whose obsession is food, and a superbly complacent doctor, whose obsession is tidiness and whose function is to reconcile Caroline to mess and Kevin. All along Caroline has been a natural victim, like the put-upon Annie in *The Norman Conquests*. Friends and relations have always patronised, blamed or reviled her, or simply used her adversity as an excuse to talk about themselves. Now she finds her voice, carriage, breasts, feet, manners and conduct endlessly subjected to her new lover's built-in X-ray machine; and for a moment it looks as if she, like Vera before her, may actually be destroyed by the cumulative pressure and the play end where Ayckbourn's work so often has of late, in the dumps. She isn't, and it doesn't, omissions I found myself regretting: which may say something about my sadism, or, as I prefer to believe, about the tendency of stage music insidiously, invisibly to subvert emotional honesty. The sooner Ayckbourn abandons song for human complexity — returns to the straight and crooked, so to speak — the better it will be.

Briefly, Arthur Lowe is a rather downbeat reincarnation of Brighouse's Salford Lear, rejected by two daughters, benignly overwhelmed by the third, and, because this is a comic cosmos, allowed to escape the madness and death that threaten him; but Julia Mackenzie makes a gritty, amiable Cordelia, and Ronald Pickup, playing his wage-slave and her husband, shows us both the intelligence behind the gormlessness, and the kindliness and humility inside the future shoe-king of Manchester.

Krichefski's *Retreat* is the latest addition to our burgeoning Theatre of Cataclysm, or Theatre of Paranoia, but different from most of the genre both in the subtlety with which it creates an atmosphere of escalating menace and in its characters' stance. Britain's capitulation to anti-semitism and reactionary thuggery is observed this time by the successful and privileged, with most to lose if they refuse to compromise. How far do they do so? How much would we? The questions are left to hover interestingly in the air, depriving me of breath and space for Nick Darke's provocative *Prayers*, to which I'll return next week. □

THEATRE—2

Paul Allen

Come dancing

Midnite at the Starlite by MICHAEL HASTINGS *Birmingham Repertory Studio Theatre*

It is a fertile idea: A and B are married and C and D are living together (intermittently), but for the purposes of competitive ballroom dancing which is their principal mode of self-expression, A partners D and B dances with C because B and C are good dancers and their sexual partners would only damage their chances on the floor: all *double entendres* wholly intentional.

So the scene is set for marital dislocation and it duly occurs; but, although Michael Hastings cannot always avoid the predictable, he knows his way round the very predictable and it is not the dancing Olympians who tango off into the happily-ever-after, but B in partnership with D. The women, who have found after years of pouring each other into all that taffeta in shared dressing-rooms that they can help and

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depend on each other, leave their men; and they go off not as lovers but as friends.

To call this progession feminist would be diluting the term, but there is a whiff of flavour-of-the-month about *Midnite at the Starlite* which is a little depressing. The wife does parrot one feminist slogan (about the family) which almost convinces as parody but not quite. It's not clear, finally, what Hastings is saying — if anything — about marriage, society or the Jamaican rumba.

IF THERE were such a thing as 'mere' or even 'pure' entertainment lack of any clear standpoint might not matter. In fact the woolliness of mind that fudges the ideas also blunts the entertainment. Hastings is inventive enough to make good jokes and perceptive enough to make sometimes dazzling connections. What he seems not to be is disciplined or technically assured or maybe just hard-working enough to show them off to full effect.

For example, he opens the second half with quite a good coup, producing a band for the first time and then having B tell C in mid-waltz not to lose his step but did he know his girlfriend was leaving him for good that very evening? The painful comedy of the private moment frozen for a split second in the spotlight until the music sweeps the couple on is then repeated and repeated with rapidly evaporating potency. Then again, the first act is so overwritten and stuffed with jokey references (Top Rank, Victor Silvester, Christmas cracker mottoes) that the really piercing lines ('Trevis is joking.' 'Trevis never jokes once he's in his patents.') which carry the truth of the piece simply aren't heard.

But the second act is badly underwritten; in it, two richly conceived characters — an ageing homosexual MC and a lady competition organiser put off sex for life by her first marriage, who in a brilliantly truthful irony are made man and wife — are left almost entirely with long and uneventful monologues to express themselves. It is as if the author couldn't be bothered with the work of dramatising his own good idea.

The evening is, for all that, far from unentertaining. This is partly thanks to production values that reflect a budget surely intended for a wider audience than can fill a 100-seater studio for three weeks; and partly thanks to some high calibre casting reflected in a set of performances which, though occasionally showing tension, are generally excellent.

Peter Sallis is in fine form as the watery-eyed old queen, throwing out lines in the sidelong manner of a man who half hopes, half fears that you'll think he's rambling inconsequentially. And Christopher Ettridge is outstanding as the husband (A in my algebraic version of the plot), wearing the fixed grimace of a man whose face muscles have to be forcibly prevented from going the other way and crying, and talking with the ingratiating whine of the loser who hopes to pre-empt nastiness. Sheila Kelley, Barry Philips, Yvonne Edgell and Maria Charles are all very strong in a cast which deserves to be seen.

But if Bill Pryde's production is going elsewhere it ought to be after some hefty rewriting. When your author has a West End hit (*Gloo Joo*) under his belt it is doubtless tempting to believe that he knows what he is doing and to indulge him; but it may be that a spot of fierceness would actually serve him better.

FILMS

John Coleman

False-hoods

Gloria (AA) *Columbia*
The Ninth Configuration (X) *Odeon, St Martin's Lane*
More American Graffiti (AA) *Plaza 1*
Little Lord Fauntleroy (U) *Classic, Haymarket*
The Devil and Max Devlin (A) *Rialto*

John Cassavetes has put the brilliant and beautiful Gena Rowlands through some hard times on screen, most powerfully as a pained hausfrau in *A Woman Under the Influence*, most recently as a bitched-up actress in *Opening Night*: given their relationship, it has sometimes looked as if he delights in publicly battering his wife. (The other glaring instance of a director racking his marital partner in the cause of art was Fellini's way with Giulietta Masina — that trespassed on at least one occasion into sadism.) It may have seemed time, then, for a change of pace and possibilities. In *Gloria*, heralded by many as his big breakthrough into commercial film-making, Cassavetes has provided Miss Rowlands with her most hard-boiled role in memory, that of a showgirl of dubious talents who used to run with the Mob and is now content to live in near-blowsy retirement with a ginger cat in a peeling apartment block. That her full name is Gloria Swenson may or may not be a joke (it's a feeble one if it is), but this Gloria — still capable of physically dazzling —has opted for the quiet life, a little litany in which items like a rack of clothes and money in a safe deposit box rank high.

MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS AGO, ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST MAGNIFICENT MOVIES WAS LOST.

NAPOLEON

In April 1927, at the Paris Opera, Abel Gance's NAPOLEON astonished moviegoers. Its innovation, its scale, its sheer bravura made it a sell-out, and a sensation.

But one year later the coming of sound changed the ground rules of film-making. NAPOLEON was allowed to disappear. Whole sequences were lost, others languished in far flung archives; it seemed that no-one would ever again see Gance's film as he intended.

Until recently, that is. After years of research, HOLLYWOOD co-producer Kevin Brownlow has restored Abel Gance's five hour masterpiece. Last November, the film was shown at the London Film Festival with a live orchestra playing a score created and conducted by Carl Davis. It brought the audience to its feet with applause; the critics were ecstatic. And at Radio City Music Hall in New York last month, when Francis Ford Coppola presented the film, demand for tickets required five extra screenings.

Now there's a further opportunity to see this historic film. For the British Film Institute in association with Thames Television are putting on three more screenings of NAPOLEON with live music from Carl Davis and the Wren Orchestra.

More than fifty years ago, NAPOLEON was lost. Now it has been found. Don't allow yourself to miss it.

NAPOLEON
Empire Theatre Leicester Square.
Sunday 1 March, Saturday 7 March, Sunday 15 March at 10-30am
Tickets price £10, £12, £15, £17
Proceeds to go towards the cost of restoring NAPOLEON.

For postal booking, send this form to Napoleon Box Office British Film Institute, 81 Dean Street, London W1. Personal booking opens 21 February from National Film Theatre Box Office, South Bank London SE1 (Tel: 01-928 3232/3).

Name_____
Address_____

Please send tickets as indicated below

Date	Number of Tickets	Price

Please indicate alternative dates, and enclose open cheque made out to BFI Napoleon Account, stating the maximum price you are prepared to pay.

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Then she is abruptly hauled back into the vivid, sordid, hazardous world of gangsterdom. Gone to borrow coffee from a neighbouring family — white husband, Puerto Rican wife, grandma and three kids — she finds them under siege by hit-men. Part-time accountant for mobsters, the husband (Buck Henry) admits, 'I made a remark'. In strong scenes of orchestrated confusion and panic, Gloria shifts from the carapaced statement, 'I hate kids, especially yours', to the reluctant harbouring of six-year-old Phil (John Adames) in her apartment while his entire family is shredded by bullets. Phil clutches a prized possession, the 'book', a small ledger naming names bequeathed to him by his dad with the words 'It's everything I know about everyone in the world' and the desperate adjuration, 'Always be a man'. From then on, a literally force-fed relationship develops between the broad and the kid. 'The guys that killed your family — they're friends of mine,' rails Gloria, having already transplanted the pair of them to her absent sister's pad and made a muck-up of frying eggs for breakfast, ranting around in a red-patterned kimono.

She tries to dump him in the street later (his picture is front-paged, on TV), but ends up using her wicked little gun to put paid to an avenging car. She draws out all her savings; they meet her erstwhile 'friends' at every turn, on buses, lurking in doorways, in a station cafe; they keep moving, from a flophouse to a decent hotel, where a middle-aged bellboy with flowers is ushered out at pistol-point. There are decencies to be observed. Gloria insists on a prayerful visit to a cemetery. Any tombstone will do, 'all dead people are the same'. Phil demurs, 'I don't mind a lotta things, but this is a little gruesome', smart word-handling for a six-year-old. And doubts, largely suspended by the street-pace of events, start seeping in: awkward questions. Why didn't that bellboy report the gun? Why does she let the kid wander about with the damning Book in his paws?

A dénouement has Gloria contacting a grizzled ex-lover, Tony, crazily entering the lions' den with the ledger as barter. 'I know you all approve of mothers,' she tries to wisecrack, but Tony wants the boy and more bullets fly. Phil waits for her, as ordered, at the hotel, climbing a chair to work out the hours on a clock. Then he entrains for their original goal, Pittsburgh, and there is a last-minute, slow-motion happy ending in another cemetery. By now fantasy is felt as having so infiltrated the piece that anything goes. And, tremendous though Gena Rowlands is in her toughness, nose tightening in rage, and in her softer moments, when the wrinkles sprawl under her eyes, her extraordinary performance alone can't work the impossible magic, bridge the gap beween likelihood and unlikely hoods. This loving couple would have been wiped out in seconds by real hard men. And probably will be one might reflect, trooping dry-eyed from the cinema.

WILLIAM Peter Blatty was the author of *The Exorcist* and he has now written, produced and directed a considerably sillier and more repellent film, *The Ninth Configuration*, which interweaves strands of homo-eroticism, sado-masochism, religiosity, lunacy and killer's machismo into a kind of bloodstained flying prayer-mat going nowhere. Stacy Keach, who can look more intense and still breathe than any other contemporary actor, comes as highly unorthodox psychiatrist to a gargoyled and crucifixed gothic castle stuffed by the Pentagon with high-ranking nutters; and the first 10 minutes or so have a zany appeal, as officers vie for Keach's attention with quite comical routines, swanning around in Freudian slips. (The castle is an eye-catching item in itself.) If I had more space, I would go on to spoil the plot, which resolves — after several twists — into a moon-probe drop-out (Scott Wilson) having his faith in God restored by goaded mass murder followed by a suicide and a trivial miracle.

More American Graffiti, this time directed by B.W.L. Norton to distraction, what with the chronological switches and generally wayward use of split-screen techniques, actually means less, picking up the main characters from the class of '62 of the George Lucas film on four subsequent New Year's Eves: '64 is drag-racing; '65, a M*A*S*Hed experience of Vietnam; '66, a good-bad night in Haight-Ashbury; and '67 a marital spat resolved during a campus demo. Graffiti? Confetti, with music. The latest *Little Lord Fauntleroy* is decently performed by the grown-ups and benefits from Belvoir Castle; the child is precisely what gouty Alec Guinness, while still mean, suggests — ingratiating. *The Devil and Max Devlin*, employing Elliott Gould as a sinner reprieved from hell in exchange for three signed-over young souls, Bill Cosby as watchful devil, redefines witless.

TELEVISION

Julian Barnes

Trick or treat?

IN HIS introduction to *The Imitation Game* (Cape £5.95, published 19 February), Ian McEwan comments on the way in which television

> is dominated by the powerful, cohesive conventions of its naturalism. The programme-maker who departs radically from these conventions can be sure of at least irritating or surprising the audience — there is a base line of expectation.

Beyond this line lies the dogged hope that an experiment with form will result in the viewer being 'disorientated and tempted to regard the world afresh'.

It's one of television's typically cute ironies, then, that of the three plays usefully reprinted here, the fullest and finest, *The Imitation Game* itself, is the one which is formally the least experimental. And further, that the most experimental, *Solid Geometry* (which is still hardly the medium's *Demoiselles d'Avignon*, as McEwan himself admits), is the one we never got to see. It was labelled 'grotesque and bizarre' by the BBC and banned as 'untransmittable' (it was also first printed by the bold *NS* — a fact not credited here).*

Even so, one can take McEwan's point: given the flexibility of this come-lately medium, given the lethargy and domesticity in which it is normally received, and given its hitherto slender tradition of formal experimentation, isn't the field wide open? This thought, presumably, wasn't far from the minds of Beryl Bainbridge and Philip Saville, makers of *The Journal of Bridget Hitler* (BBC-2). Montage effects, sepia washes, cut-outs, back projection, apocalyptic lighting, time dislocations, Syberberg homages — these were for starters; then we had the actors being 'just' themselves (e.g. discussing Hitler's watercolours), the writers strolling through the BBC lunch queue *in propria persona*, and bits of factional consequence (NF youths rioting to produce a canteen *Kristallnacht*). The language of this television was aggressively macaronic. Thus, a Brownshirt wanders absently across the studio floor — being still just an actor, not yet a character — reading a biography of Hitler and muttering to himself (rather improbably), 'Why would he want to suppress the fact that he was in Liverpool?' Whereupon a passing studio girl in mufti responds, 'Why should he want to bleeding remember it?' Whereupon the producer appears and shoos her away. All this in front of a screen carrying a back-projection of the purported Hitler family reunion in Liverpool.

Did it work? Did it irritate to enlighten, and did it disorient to make us focus where naturalism would never make us focus? Scarcely. The fragmenting forms pulled unremittingly in opposing directions; the intrusion of backstage proceedings seemed merely self-regarding; the energy became centripetal rather than centrifugal. There was little sense that the variations of form were impelled upon the script as the necessary, the only way in which new truths and new points of view could be expressed. On the contrary: the naturalism, when allowed to speak for itself, easily outscored the fanciful, watch-me ploys. The Liverpool scenes, with a cuckoo Hitler in a petit-bourgeois nest, and the final Berchtesgarten picnic, were the strongest, and also the weirdest, elements in the play. A reluctant truth emerged, namely that Hitler's very presence in a naturalistic setting was enough in itself to disorient, irritate, surprise and make one regard the world afresh; decking it out with all television's stylistic innovations was rather like putting a Picasso in one of those picture frames which are surrounded by flashing fairground bulbs.

'THE WINTER'S TALE' (BBC-2) was softer in its effects, if still assertive by the standards of TV Shakespeare. It used a geometrical, rather surrealist set of cones and slopes, as if being played in some unfamiliar, redecorated nook of the Royal Festival Hall foyer; while for the rustic scenes there were lime-green carpet tiles and dayglo wheatsheaves. Jeremy Kemp's Leontes memorably confided his jealous furies straight (and menacingly close) to camera, in a violent hush and with the right eye half closed, as if half not wanting to see what he knew he saw. Anna Calder-Marshall and Margaret Tyzack rebuked him splendidly. If the roaring first half eclipsed the ruminative, pastoral, and at times boringly comic second half, then that is the way the play is. Overall, an admirable production (directed by Jane Howell), even if that famous stage direction 'Exit, pursued by a bear' was reduced to a grizzly just rearing up in front of camera. Still, better the soft approach. If Hitler had ever run into a bear in the Black Forest, we would doubtless have seen the event in strobe-lit 3-D, and then had the make-up department discussing how to fluff up the fur.

In *City!* (Granada) Malcolm Allison exited, pursued by a John Bond, though any fear seemed to be on the pursuer's side: the incoming Manchester City manager talked about his predecessor with the uneasy awe that an ex-six-stone weakling still holds for the school bully even after he's won his prefect's badge and the bully is hanging out at the job centre. Despite the programme's alluring admonition about 'emotional moments where strong language is naturally used', there was only a bit of industrial effing to be heard; and despite the unparal-

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leled access allowed to the Granada team by Manchester City FC, we didn't glean much about Bond's managerial loaves-and-fishes act. The inept city platitudes of Allison were replaced by the scarcely more ept ones of the Norfolk newcomer, whose primary demand was that all players call him Boss and wear a collar and tie to first-team matches. And I must say the supremely untaxing interview Bond had to undergo from the board — it was like being pelted with warmed cheques — certainly made me think about a career in football management. Asked by a director where he would begin to put things right at the club, Bond suavely replied, 'I ain't gonna have people who are, excuse the expression, pissin' about, you know.' It seemed to go down like a Confucian epigram.

**At 3pm on Saturday 14 February at the Riverside Studios Ian McEwan will be introducing a screening of* The Imitation Game *(admission free). This will be followed by a discussion about the writing of drama for TV with producer Richard Eyre and writer David Hare (cost £1).*

Weekend competition

No 2655 **Set by John Sweetman**

Suppose that the task of writing a *New Statesman* leader should fall to Arthur Marshall: let us have his opening sentences. Up to 150 words, by 27 February.

No 2652 **Set by Ms de Meaner**

Comrade Brezhnev's latest book (published by Pergamon) is called *Socialism, Democracy and Human Rights*. We asked for similarly unlikely works.

Report **By Jemima Squiffy**

Not one of the great comps — oh dear me no. Perhaps there wasn't much room for subtlety, but one had nevertheless hoped to be spared ideas such as '*Big Is Beautiful*, by Ronnie Corbett'. Still, from a bulging sack I extracted a handful of plums. A quid a title should suffice.

Harold Wilson: *Before I forget*
Margaret Thatcher: *Other Women's Flowers*
Richard Nixon: *I Tell a Lie* T. GRIFFITHS

Ronald Reagan: *My Kinda Marxism*
HRH Princess Anne: *The Horsewoman's Make-Do-And-Mend Book*
E.O. PARROTT

In Brief: The Memoirs of Michael Foot
William Whitelaw: *Speak Thou Softly*
MARTIN FAGG

A.L. Rowse: *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*
PETER E. SILLIS

Harold Wilson: *Honour Among Friends*
D.H.M. COOK

Roy Jenkins: *Europe On £5 a Day*
William Rodgers: *They Also Serve — An Autobiography*
R.F. LEACH

Ian Paisley: *A Still Small Voice*
ANNE BURDEN

Nicolas Walter: *Chats With The Almighty*
Samuel Beckett: *Yes!*
GERARD BENSON

Norman Mailer: *Coming Out*
Martin Amis: *My Struggle*
BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Tony Miles

Chess

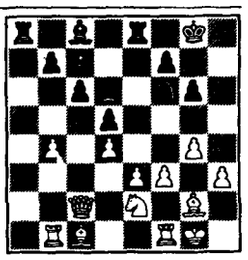
No 217 **Home side triumph**

The 43rd annual Wyk-aan-Zee tournament got off to a confusing start. First the American, Walter Browne, arrived very ill and requested a postponement of his first round game — a practice which I consider unethical (what happens when the opponent is ill when the game does have to be played?). Then Andersson and Torre were delayed on their way from Hastings so their game, too, had to be postponed.

One of the few first round games to be played saw the Dutch number one Jan Timman beat the Hungarian Andras Adorjan. Now Adorjan is not the world's healthiest individual at the best of times and bad starts have a tendency to affect him. Indeed his second recently commented that he could give himself a temperature just by thinking about it. Anyway the next morning at breakfast he collapsed and his second round game was duly postponed. He reappeared to take a short draw the next day but, in the fourth round playing against Browne, a noted fighting player, he managed a dozen moves before staging a repeat of his dying swan act. Despite his protests the organisers decided that enough was enough and the tournament could proceed better without him. Meanwhile back at the chess the tournament turned out to be a battle between the Dutchmen Sosonko and Timman and the Russians Taimanov and Sveshnikov (the latter, incidentally, being one of the players turned down by Hastings as being too weak!). For most of the time Sosonko kept his nose in front and eventually increased his lead to 1½ points with two rounds to play. However, as he was due to play Adorjan in the last round he did in fact only have one game left. This he drew, thus clinching at least a share of first place — and almost certainly outright first. Timman, though, had other ideas. After the blow of having his first round win annulled he slipped back and at half-time had just 2½/6, but in the second half of the tournament he produced a sensational burst, scoring 5½/6 and winning his last two games to tie with Sosonko, the rest of the field following at a distance.

White: G. Sosonko **Black: F. Gheorghiu**
1.P-Q4, N-KB3; 2.P-QB4, P-K3; 3.N-KB3, P-QN3; 4.P-KN3, B-R3; 5.QN-Q2, B-N2; 6.B-N2, P-B4; 7.P-K4!? PxP; 8.P-K5, N-N1; 9.0-0, P-Q3; 10.NxP, BxB; 11.KxB, P-QR3; 12.PxP; BxP; 13.Q-B3, R-R2; 14.N-K4, R-Q2; 15.R-Q1, N-K2; 16.N-N5, N-N3? 17.N(4)xP, Q-B3; 18.QxQ, PxQ; 19.N-N7ch, K-B1; 20.N-B5, BxP; 21.RxR, NxR; 22.RPxB, PxN; 23.BxP, P-B3; 24.R-Q1, K-K1; 25.B-K3, P-KR4; 26.K-R3, P-R5; 27.PxP, QN-K4; 28.R-Q6, K-B2; 29.RxP, R-R4; 30.R-N7ch, K-B1; 31.B-R6ch, K-N1; 32.R-N7ch, K-R1; 33.RxN, RxN; 34.B-N7ch, K-R2; 35.RxP, R-KR4; 36.B-B8, NxP; 37.P-N3, N-K4; 38.RxP, resigns.

Problem 217
Black to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmark no later than 25 February.

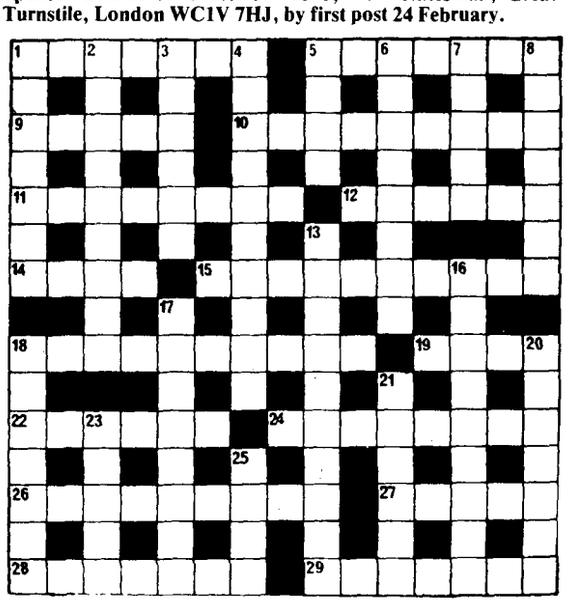


Solution to problem 215
1.P-B5! P-K5; 2.B-Q1! P-K6; 3.BxP, KxB; 4.KxP, P-K7; 5.K-Q7! P-K8=Q; 6.P-B6, Q-Q7ch; 7.K-B8 and Black cannot prevent P-B7 drawing.

Note: closing date for last week's problem should have been 18 February.

Weekend Crossword 1373

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1373, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 24 February.



ACROSS

1 Baby bird? (7)
5 Fabric from two animals (7)
9 Dance for Oliver (5)
10 Join afterwards as a writer (9)
11 The ten rode about when encouraged (8)
12 Agreement of workers about starting a strike (6)
14 Kind of play on time (4)
15 Diplomat who has trouble with the right after a morning drink (10)
18 Venial like the fellow in the story (10)
19 Having lost his head, the amateur is finished (4)
22 Harm by giving breathing space to the devil (6)
24 With a job to do inside and unable to move (8)
26 One of those violent characters who mince matters about backing a horse (9)
27 The fat give point to decorations (5)
28 Return concerning the stock (7)
29 Kelly surrounds the entrance but is denied (7)

DOWN

1 Bird even if there were a bit missing (7)
2 Fellow-citizen who makes the hour begin badly (9)
3 Confine one after the other, by the sound of it (6)
4 Moderation makes one glad men reformed (6,4)
5 Berth for the flight (4)
6 One who puts dots on a map? (8)
7 So these ceremonies would form a string of propositions (5)
8 Silas holds one to be a sailor (7)
13 A dear lot of coal from a place near the pits (10)
16 Parting between bird and man (9)
17 Plant in the unbroken past (8)
18 Bow tie for artist (7)
20 The leader of the left is not a blonde (7)
21 The injury would result if we turned up in this crowd (6)
23 Each year a gentleman gets a return for capital (5)
25 Head publisher (4)

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1371

P	Y	R	A	M	I	D	S		D	I	P	P	E	R
U	E		U	I			R	L		A				
P	U	G	I	L	I	S	T		R	E	M	A	N	D
I		A		A	C		R	L		N		I		
L	O	R	E	T	T	O		E	L	A	S	T	I	C
S		D		T		N	P		N		A		A	
		P	O	R	T	L	A	N	D	B	I	L	L	
C		S			E		T				N		S	
O	C	T	O	G	E	N	A	R	I	A	N			
L		O		O	T		I		S	P		A		
A	S	P	E	R	S	E		A	T	H	W	A	R	T
N		P		I		D	T		A		N		H	
D	R	I	L	L	S		P	I	N	N	A	C	L	E
E		N		L			O		T		H		N	
R	A	G	M	A	N		A	N	T	I	G	O	N	E

Prizewinners to No 1371
John Brasier (N. Petherton)
Kate Gilbert (Hoddesdon)
I.G. James (Liverpool)

Apologies: word square from Salamanca 38 should have been

B	A	K	E	R
A	G	I	L	E
N	O	D	U	S
A	R	E	T	T
T	A	L	E	S

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APPOINTMENTS

CIVIL AND PUBLIC SERVICES ASSOCIATION

ASSISTANT RESEARCH OFFICER

The Civil and Public Services Association, a trade union representing 200,000 members in the Civil Service, Post Office and other public organisations invites applications for the post of Assistant Research Officer.

The successful applicant will undertake a wide range of duties, including research and policy advice, as allocated by the Head of Research on issues related to the interests of CPSA as a TUC-affiliated union. A good honours degree in a relevant subject and experience in the following area would be preferred – use and interpretation of statistical and economic information; drafting of reports and recommendations. The person appointed will have a commitment to the trade union movement: experience in (or detailed knowledge of) the Civil Service, Post Office or other public sector organisations, would be an additional advantage.

Pay is on the following scale rising by annual increments, £7,039 – £7,479 – £7,994, following which there is a review which, if satisfactory, leads to further annual progression of £8,446 – £8,716 – £9,036 – £9,571. Starting pay is normally the minimum of the scale, but may exceptionally be at the second or third points depending on relevant experience. All rates quoted are inclusive of £1,016 pa London Weighting: rates are due to be re-negotiated from 1.4.81.

Full details of the post together with an application form may be obtained from:

Miss J Douch,
Personnel Officer,
Park House,
64-66 North Side,
Wandsworth Common, SW18 2SH.
Tel: 01-874 0494

Closing date for receipt of application forms 27 February 1981.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTTINGHAM

Department of Industrial Economics

Applications are invited for the post of **Lecturer in Industrial Economics.** Preference may be given to candidates with an interest in Management or Managerial Economics.
Salary will be within the range £5,505-£11,575 per annum but the appointment will be made initially within the range £5,505-£6,245 per annum.
Further particulars and forms of application, returnable not later than **16 March 1981,** from **the Staff Appointments Officer, University of Nottingham, University Park, Nottingham NG7 2RD. Ref. No. 767.**

AIR&SPACE
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AIR & SPACE – a charity funded by the Arts Council of Great Britain requires a Director, in succession to Elizabeth Colin, for the SPACE Studio scheme.
Administrative experience essential together with a sympathy for artists and their problems.
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For details telephone or write to:

The Co-ordinator,
AIR & SPACE
6 & 8 Rosebery Avenue,
London EC1R 4TD.
(Tel: 01-278 7795)

Closing date 6 March

UNITY THEATRE TRUST
wants
FUNDRAISER
(full-time)

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OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Mrs Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), 92 Brompton Road (opp. Harrods), SW3 1EH. 01-589 0590.

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COMMUNITY PROJECTS FOUNDATION

ISLINGTON CO-OPERATIVE DEVELOPMENT AGENCY

Funded by the Community Projects Foundation and the London Borough of Islington in cooperation with Islington Co-operative Development Group.
The Agency is expected to increase the availability of jobs in the borough, promote awareness of co-operatives, and provide assistance to potential and existing co-operatives for a 5-year period.

CO-OPERATIVE DEVELOPMENT WORKERS (2)
£7,804 – £8,322

Preferably who have worked in a co-operative or who have had at least 5-year's experience in community development or possess business skills.

CENTRE ORGANISER
£5,543 – £6,193

Offering secretarial and administrative skills ability to establish and maintain an information service and deal with enquiries.

Application forms and further particulars from:
Personnel Officer, Community Projects Foundation,
60 Highbury Grove, London N5 2AG.
Tel: 01-226 5375.
Closing date 27.2.81.

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Valentines

G. Let's repeat one eye on the Ecclefechan farmer. Your left leaning lover. D.

LOVE TO THE FLUFFS from the Bug. The Bops asks, what will happen to the right-wing Labour Party quango parasites after godmother Williams departure?

ROY PORTER, if love is like a violin, then you are a one-man band.

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FRIENDLY, youthful lady Humanist. 45. Expansive mind/interests. Travel, country, animal, sport, music, beauty, laughter, lover, seeks similar companions, re emigration. Box 597.

GRADUATE MOTHER, now independent and working in London, seeks co-buyer to split house, reasonable area. Box 511.

MANCHESTER TO MID-LANCS area, where is the unattached man, ageless 50ish, intelligent, likes music, theatre, life, has a sense of the ridiculous, warmth and understanding? Looking for similar 'syndrome'? Box 444.

GRADUATE TEACHER, own house, car, wishes to meet lady, under 39. Box 563.

I LIVE in Central London in comparative luxury. Am good-looking, fun seeking, drive sports car. I wish to meet attractive, young, intelligent lady, to help me have fun. Telephone essential. Box 580.

INDEPENDENT London Man, 55, stable, considerate, seeks well-travelled, warm, mature woman, appreciating being treated like a woman. Box 579.

NATIONAL GOVERNMENT. Details from: The Centre Party, 83 Donnington Court, Donnington Rd, London NW10 3TJ.

IRISH BUSINESSMAN, divorced, occasionally in London, seeks acquaintance of englightened lady, 30-40, (non-smoker), for cultural/social pursuits. Friendship, courtesies reciprocated in his native Dublin. Box 574.

LONDON DIVORCEE, youthful, attractive, 44, children University. Lecturer undertaking year's study. Now in comfortable rut but hoping 'new era' with right man. Sceptical advertising so please disillusion me. Absolute discretion. Box 567.

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MAN, 55, Libra, seeks woman partner, London. Intellectual and artistic interests. Box 566.

N. LONDON/HERTS male, reasonably successful in teaching career, tall, dark, humanist, Labourite (with qualms); recovered from (childless) marriage, finds friends mainly come in pairs these days and would welcome female company (25-35 perhaps). Usual dilettantish, intellectual interests plus some boating, walking, do-it-yourselfing. Box 544.

NOVELIST manqué (f.), anywhere sought by playwright manqué (m.), 46. Box 535.

PETITE, Jewish lady, 50s, considered attractive, seeks business/prof. man, London area. Box 545.

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SINCERE FEMALE, 33, studying independently, urgently, seeks single parent, male, willing to rent room to herself and son, to share expenses, mutual help, friendship. Box 603.

SINCERE MALE, 47, with home NW4, seeks caring, loving relationship, with girl 30-40, probably with child(ren) to share homelife, fun, sport and politics. Box 539.

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SOLE bonne femme, 31, graduate, seeks kind, clever trout fisherman o.n.o. Box 596.

SMALL, fierce, redhaired Irishman, old 32, seeks lady to share life. Midlands. Box 573.

TALL, intelligent lady, sep., early 50s, Suffolk, sks unattached, male country-lover. Box 565.

TWO'S COMPANY: Three's a Crowd. English bachelor, 42, seeks and invites unconventional female, who disagrees with the commencing adage to correspond. Box 473.

WOMAN, 50, income and furniture, seeks male share house, expenses. Suggestions welcomed. Box 581.

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Publications

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INDUSTRIAL HISTORY catalogues issued. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Rd, Twickenham, Mdx.

REVIEW COPIES and others in fine condition bought by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, WC1. Tel. 01-242 5822.

'TRINITY'. A short anthology of poetry by D. Wright. Price 50p per copy (inc. postage). Apply: 10 Barnes Way, Peterborough

LIBERTARIAN SOCIALISM Journal. Send s.a.e. to 1 Grove Gardens, Leeds LS6 4EG.

Financial

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover Street, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

LOANS FROM £50. Salaried Persons Postal Loans Ltd. 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

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Enough nuclear weapons are now stockpiled to lay waste the world. Afterwards it will be no good saying 'We only paid our taxes.'
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We believe it should be equally possible to claim exemption from paying for arms and war preparations – to elect that an appropriate proportion of our taxes be diverted instead to a special peace making fund.

If you agree, write (with 30p stamps) to

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A. **Join an Anti-vivisection Society.**
B. **Write to your MP at Westminster.**

A POEM BY ASHBY McGOWAN

Talking to you, through, through ignorance,
Warm, soft, living – crying, lonely, pain.
Tortured their silent screams fade before your thoughts,
Don't cause them suffering, you say.

USPG ROOT GROUPS

are young people between 18 and 30 who come together to live in small communities for one year.

Those who wish to experience a life of sharing whilst exploring the Mission of the Church in parishes, please come to our next

EXPLORATION WEEKEND
March 6-8, 1981, in the West Midlands

Further details from:

Gabrielle Grace, U.S.P.G., 15 Tufton Street, London SW1P 3QQ
Tel: 01-222 4222

Trade Union Friends of Palestine

Chairman: Ernie Ross MP
Secretary: George Galloway

21 Collingham Road
London
SW5 0NU

Sponsors include

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Sandy Smeaton (AUEW TASS)
Bill Speirs (Asst Sec STUC)
David Warburton (Industrial Officer GMWU)
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All in personal capacity

Trade Union Friends of Palestine was formed last year to increase awareness of the terrible tragedy of the four million Palestinians, many living under brutal military occupation, the others scattered as refugees throughout the Middle East and beyond.

Our organisation seeks to assist in winning trade union support for the rights of the Palestinian people to their own homeland.

We supply information, literature, speakers, etc to any Labour Movement organisation eager to hear the truth about the Middle East conflicts.

If you require further details or wish to join TUFP please write to the Secretary.

Palestinians building Co-ops in refugee camps

Co-ops, organised exactly like our own, are already bringing concrete benefits to the people of the camps, reducing price levels and ensuring a 'dividend' for all co-operators.

We are selling authentic shares in these co-ops, beautifully inscribed in Arabic at £2.50 for two shares.

To buy one would be a practical act of solidarity with the Palestinian people which would be greatly appreciated.

For further information about Palestinian Co-ops contact the Secretary, TUFP.

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Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE. Royal Shakespeare Company. 836 6404. Recorded booking info 836 5332. cc 379 6233. All week 'Passion Play' by Peter Nichols. RSC also at The Warehouse (836 6808) in 'The *Irish Play*' by Ron Hutchinson and 'Television Times' by Peter Prince. RSC also at Piccadilly in Willy Russell's hilarious 'Educating Rita'.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. Olivier (open stage): 'A Month in the Country'; Lyttelton (proscenium stage): '*The Elephant Man*', '*The Browning Version*'/'*Harlequinade*', 'Watch on the Rhine'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'The Ticket-of-Leave Man'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

OLD VIC. 928 7616 cc 261 1821 'S' Last perfs 13 Feb. 7.30 p.m. 14 Feb. 2.00 & 7.30 p.m. '*The Relapse*' by Sir John Vanburgh. 17 & 19 Feb. 7.30 p.m. 18 Feb. 7 p.m. 'Waiting for Godot'.

THEATREGOERS – please note: cc – credit cards; S-Student standby.

Concerts

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, EC1. Tel. 01-837 1672/1673/3856. Credit Cards 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. 01-278 0871. Feb. 23 to 28. Concerts at The *Wells. Evs at 7.30. 23, 24, 25 Feb. Salos & Duets* by Robert Tear & Benjamin Luxon acc. by John Constable. Tkts £1 to £4.50 27 Feb. An Evening with Mozart. Tkts £1 to £4.50 28 Feb. *Opera Rara.* A Night at the Operetta. Tkts £1 to £6.

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). Woody Allen's 'Stardust Memories' (AA). 3.20, 5.15, 7.10, 9.15. Ring 435 9787.

Exhibitions

PENTONVILLE GALLERY, 46 Amwell St, London EC1. 01-837 9826. Jeff Sawtell: ART and POLITICS. Extended to 7 March. Mon.-Fri. 11-6, Sat. 11-1. Seminar 7 March 11 a.m. with the artist.

ST JAMES'S Antiques Fair, next week, the Piccadilly Hotel, *Piccadilly*, London W1. *Mon.-Thurs.* 16-19 Feb. Open 2.30-8 first day, them 11-8 daily.

Conferences

NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT Speakers School, Coventry. 20-22 March. Expert briefings, workshops, etc. Accommodation provided. Details, James Hinton, 15 Warwick Place, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire. Tel. 0926 27620.

Meetings

PETER WALKER of Amnesty International speaking on 'Amnesty International and the Enforcement of Human Rights' 7.30 p.m. Wed. 18 Feb. Central London Fabian Society at Mary Ward House, 5 Tavistock Place, London WC1. All welcome. Further details: Helen Price Tel. 01-870 2233 (office hours).

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE Sunday lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries 06285 26464.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sun 15 Feb. 8 p.m. 'Life after Death'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL

THE SEARCH for Truth. Seminar with Raja Rao. *Vedantist and novelist.* £1. 2-5.30 Sat. 21 Feb. Send s.a.e. for details of other events, classes and library to: The Theosophical Society (Ref. NS), 50 Gloucester Place, London W1H 3HJ. Tel: 01-935 9261.

FESTIVAL OF LABOUR
North Hammersmith Labour Party
Sunday, 15 March, from 10 a.m.

Speakers:	**Tony Benn, Joan Lestor, T. Huq, Russell Proffitt, Clive Soley, Dave Wetzel.**
Entertainment:	**Magnus Pyke, Common Stock etc.**
Evening:	**BELTS & BRACES "SEDITION 81"**

A DAY OF PROTEST & ENTERTAINMENT.

Tickets: **Sanders, 117 Wendell Rd, W12.**

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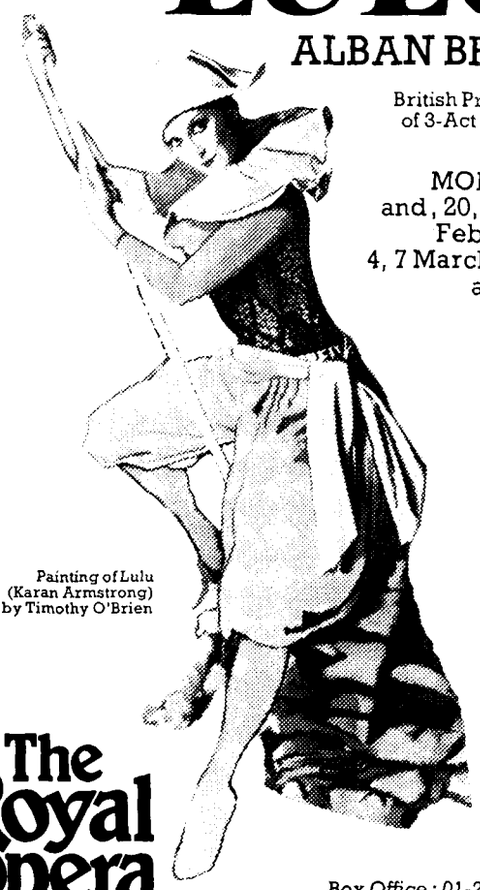
MONDAY and, 20, 24, 27 February 4, 7 March 1981 at 7pm



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ADMISSION FREE

GRESHAM LECTURES IN ASTRONOMY

'From Intersteller Dust Grain to Planet Earth'

by **Professor M. Rowen-Robinson**

3 one-hour lectures at **The City University, Northampton Square, London EC1,** at 6 p.m. 5, 12, 19 February.

ADMISSION FREE

GRESHAM LECTURES IN DIVINITY

'The Enigma of the Fourth Gospel'

by Professor G. N. Stanton

3 one-hour lectures at **The City University, Northampton Square, London EC1,** at 1 p.m. 2, 9, 16 February.

ADMISSION FREE

THE COMMON MARKET – hear what we should do about it now at Safeguard Britain Campaign's Public Meeting, Saturday 21 February, 2.30 p.m. Assembly Room, Central Hall, Westminster. Speakers Denzil Davies MP Labour's official spokesman on Europe, and Sir Ronald Bell QC, Conservative MP for Beaconsfield.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch-Hour Lectures. 1.20 to 2. Botany Theatre. 19 Feb. 'The Tiger Pounced and Killed, but He'll Die, He'll Die;'. 'Hasta La Victoria Siempre'. Films directed by Santiago Alvarez.

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